

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 4, 1962 25 CENTS

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Pepperell
cottons

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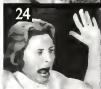
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Next week

FAMED OLD OAKMONT once more is host to the U.S. Open. The difficulties of the course are shown in impressive color photographs and are discussed in detail by Alfred Wright.

THE BIG POWERBOAT leads to adventure in fishing and cruising. Eugene Marron tells how to crew both, and color pictures of a battle with a giant marlin demonstrate her point.

ALL FATHERS DREAM of taking sons to a ball game. Little do they know what awaits. James Ransom tells how to cope with nine strange of hot dogs and boys' questions.

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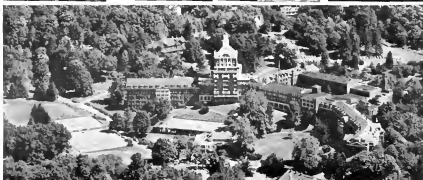
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POINT OF FACT

A Belmont Stakes quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the \$2 bettor and the armchair expert

? How did the Belmont get its name?

• The Belmont is named after August Belmont Sr. He was the first president of Jerome Park, for 12 years chairman of the Democratic National Committee and for four years U.S. representative at The Hague. He won the third running of the Belmont Stakes with Fonso, and the trophy he received after that race is now the perpetual trophy for the Belmont. He died in 1890, but the Belmont name remained influential in Thoroughbred racing. His son, August Jr., founded Belmont Park, was elected early in 1895 the chairman of The Jockey Club and was a member of the first New York State Racing Commission. He bred many famous horses including Man o' War and won the Belmont Stakes with Hastings (1896), Masterman (1902), Friar Rock (1916) and Hourless (1917). Belmont Park opened in 1905 and, fittingly, the first race was won by August Belmont Jr.

? a) When was the Belmont first run? b) Who was the inaugural?

• a) The Belmont was first run at Jerome Park in 1867, six years before the first running of the Prekniness and eight years before the first Kentucky Derby. b) The winner was a bay filly, Ruthless, who became known as the "greatest filly of the sixties." She earned \$1,850 in the race for her owner, Frances Morris, and raced in the same all-scarlet silks that Moers' great-grandson John uses today.

? Has any other filly ever won the Belmont?

• Only one, Harry Payne Whitney's Tanya, who won in 1905.

? What horses won the Kentucky Derbs and Prekniness, but failed in the Belmont?

• Persive (1944), Tam Tam (1958) and Carry Back (1961) are the three horses that won the first two legs of the Triple Crown but failed in the third. Persive and Tam Tam were both owned by Calumet Farm and both finished second in the Belmont. Burgoon King (1932) and Bold Venture (1936) won the Derby and the Prekniness, but did not start in the Belmont.

—PAT RYAN



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SCORECARD

MY, MY MARYLAND

It is customary for Thoroughbred racing commissions to back up the disciplinary decisions of their track stewards, since commissioners are usually political appointees and don't pretend to have the stewards' intimate knowledge of the sport. Last week the Maryland Racing Commission violated this tradition in spectacular fashion. Manuel Ycaza had been fined \$200 and grounded 10 racing days for what the Pimlico stewards considered a frivolous claim of foul and unfair racing tactics in the Preakness (51, May 28). Track films showed that Ycaza, leaning out of his saddle like a polo player as he rode Ridan, had elbowed John Rotz, aboard Greek Money, as the horses came to the finish. The stewards recommended that the commission add 20 days to Ycaza's suspension, a penalty beyond their own authority.

But the commission didn't add, it subtracted. After hearing Ycaza's defense (he was losing his balance, not leaning) and listening to winner Rotz's show of charity ("Ycaza's elbow was never in my chest"), it commuted sentence to 10 calendar days—thus permitting Ycaza to ride in the \$100,000-added Metropolitan Handicap on Wednesday at Aqueduct.

Left dangling all over the place were the loose ends. Ycaza got a half-hour screening of the race films, the commission said, but Rotz saw only still pictures ("It is possible," Rotz said later, "I was hit without being aware. Once I was hit in the face by a whip and didn't know it until I saw the films.") Commission Chairman R. Bruce Livie said it was questionable whether the interplay took place before the finish, but in any event Ycaza was not riding dirty. Then in the next breath he added, "If this happened at the eighth pole, we would have given him a year!" The stewards said the foul occurred at least 50 feet before the finish.

But isn't dirty riding the same, no matter where it occurs? And, if the commission thought Ycaza had done nothing, why didn't they throw out the entire sentence? Furthermore, what are track films and photographs good for if

you don't believe what they show? What we'd like to know, Mr. Livie, is just what is going on in Maryland, anyhow?

CATASTROPHE

The whole idea was categorically cataclysmic. The city council of Kansas City, Mo., in catty-cornered, catchpenny scheming, had put a \$3 annual tax on house cats. The caterwauling commenced straight off. Why, the cat lovers cried, people would turn thousands of cats out into the streets and fields and leave them to die. Other cats, spared that, would certainly hang themselves (in protest? by accident?) on the necessary licensing collars, or succumb to nervous collapse. And what about fanciers such as the lady who has 18 cats? That's \$54 a year, and for what? To let the rats, in logical concatenation, take over the place?

What to do? How about, for a start, chasing a few hundred cats into the mayor's office, a militant man suggested. How about taking the cat-o'-nine-tails to the whole council, said another. How about us just forgetting all about it, said the councilmen, catapulting themselves into a repeal action.

THE CHAMPION

It was a sprightly night at Toots Shor's, and Floyd Patterson was the essence of it. His image fluttered from a portrait over the bar where he sat, and the lineup behind the prime ribs included Dr. Ralph Bunche of the U.N., Lauren Bacall of the movies, Jackie Robinson of second base and literary accomplishment. Tribute was paid Floyd's great heart, his sociological reformation, his gentle manner, his new book (see page 31), and he smiled his little-boy smile of thanks, and it was all very nice. Just prior to the aperitif, however, a handful of guests listened in an upstairs room as Jersey Joe Walcott volunteered a private testimonial: "Patterson," said ex-champ Jersey Joe, "would have beaten me. He would have beaten Ezzard Charles. And Marciano and Louis, too, unless they both were in the ring with him at the

same time. I fought them all and I know. Someday you'll recognize what a great champion Patterson is." Agree or not, nobody said anything nicer all evening.

HYBRID FLY HIGH

The Experimental Aircraft Association is a devoted fraternity of fliers who build their own planes, no matter what—no matter where. Seven years ago one of their number, Captain Carl W. Streever of the Army Aviation Maintenance Service, started collecting parts at Gary Air Force Base in Texas to build himself a Baby Ace. He got some front-lift struts from a Piper Cub Cruiser, rear struts from a Stinson L-5 liaison plane, stabilizer bars from a Bell H-13 helicopter and some tubing for a landing gear from a Vertol helicopter. Then he was transferred to Frankfurt, Germany.

Captain Streever packed along the bits and pieces of his Baby Ace-to-be and set up his shop in an apple orchard. A German fellow enthusiast helped him to put together an engine: crankcase from Czechoslovakia, pistons and rings from Switzerland, gaskets from Holland. Fabric for the wings and fuselage came from Greece, France contributed wheel brakes, Germany wheels and England tires. A German World War II Stieglitz plane



inspired the engine mounting, and a Navion L-17 supplied the cowl. And when it was all put together, by golly gee, it flew!

TO HUNT, PERCHANCE TO FIND

Out in Oregon there is a high school pitcher who is looking very good, and there are some Cardinal scouts who are looking very hard, but the way things are going Wendell Glaze may have to go sit on a stool in a Whelan's drugstore to finish getting discovered. Glaze pitches for Hillsboro High outside of Portland, and Cardinal Scout Berlyn Hodges trekked out to Hillsboro for the Astoria game to have a look. Glaze pitched the last two innings and struck out six

continued



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SCORECARD

men—in Astoria, where the game was played. A week later Glaze was due to pitch at home, but it poured in Portland. Hodges figured the game would be called and that he'd missed the boy again, which he had, but not because the game was called. They played it and Glaze pitched a no-hitter.

The next week Hodges called the school to check, very carefully, the time of the Gresham game. He was told it would not be played. Warily he called the newspaper and was told it would be: he drove to Gresham and, as a reward for beginning to get the hang of things, he saw Glaze pitch his second no-hitter. This was enough to bring Chief Cardinal Scout Don Pries to Portland for Glaze's next game, with Lake Oswego, but again it was pouring. "Very doubtful that we'll play," Hillsboro High said. Oh, very doubtful, the *Hillsboro Argonaut* agreed. So Pries drove 120 miles to watch another game, and Hillsboro, of course, did play, and Glaze threw a three-hitter, striking out 11.

The state championship final will be June 2 in Portland. To Chief Scout Pries we say this: if the snow is eight feet deep, if there is a flood, tornado or locust, or any combination thereof, or just normal rain, never mind, he there.

THE DRIVE FOR MEDIOCRITY

It is easy to be second-rate. If you try doubly hard, you can also be ridiculous. When the U.S. sent a second-rate, pickup basketball team to the 1959 world championships in Chile, we insulted our hosts and caricatured our good name by presuming that a pickup American team could take on the world. The world watched with satisfaction as the Russians beat us.

Now it appears we are prepared to repeat the performance (a fool, Chaucer said, cannot be still). In November, on invitation from the AAU, the Russian national team will tour the U.S. and very likely face pickup teams of AAU and industrial league players. NCAA rules will not allow collegians—the best of our amateurs—to play before December 1, and the AAU and NCAA were well aware of this before the tour was arranged.

In December in Manila, at the height of the college season, the world championships will be held. This, too, is bad scheduling for us, because once again pickups probably will take over. If the

NCAA and the AAU would get down to rewriting a few rules, we might someday be represented by a squad of our best players.

Allow this situation to go on much longer and we'll also give a good account of being no-account at the 1963 Pan American games and the 1964 Olympics. It will be easy.

A MESSAGE FROM THOR

And now, sports fans, they've given us another one, those people whose contrivances against fishing we feel duty-bound to report. It's called the Red 'N' Radio; the radio, complete with volume and tuning knobs, is inside the handle of the rod. The tip acts as an antenna, and the sweet sounds of Fats Domino or Fulton Lewis Jr. come pouring through an earphone receiver. We urge anyone who buys this splendid device to be sure to use it during thunderstorms.

TO NAME A QUEEN

Though just born, she is already a queen, the boat that rides at her mooring in Marblehead Harbor near Boston. She is our new America's Cup candidate—designed by a sailmaker with little training in naval architecture, built in utter secrecy and hatched by a syndicate new to 12-meter racing (SI, Jan. 29). Until her launching even her name was unknown. Then, her long white snout peering over the ceremony stand, she was busted in the bow with a champagne bottle wielded by the daughter of a syndicate member and christened, not *Vigilant* or *Rehabe* or *Revolute*, or some other brothy name like that, but *Nefertiti* (the beautiful one has come). Finally, after some lady-like reluctance, she bucked into the black water. "My God," mumbled her skipper-to-be, Don McNamara, "she floats."

The designer of *Nefertiti* is Ted Hood and the builder Selman Graves, but it was syndicate member Robert Purcell who named her. *Nefertiti*—ah, yes, independent, original, daring. *Nefertiti*, the queen whose statuesque beauty has survived 3,300 years. She was all the name implied. And furthermore, Purcell explained, he once had an iceberg named *Nefertiti*.

THEY SAID IT

- Alabama Coach Bear Bryant, to a nationwide radio audience: "Georgia Tech will be the No. 1 football team in the nation next year."
- Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd: "That remark was typical of Bryant."

• Arnold Palmer, reporting that Sam Snead takes a different view of invitations from him now that Palmer has his pilot's license. "He'll fly anywhere with me now," Sam's not so worried about the danger as he is about saving money."

• W. M. (Boston) Smith, when asked by a Texas state legislative committee investigating fixing of Southwest Conference basketball games if he were the biggest gambler in Texas. "Only around the waist."

• Walter Rabb, baseball coach at the University of North Carolina, on his problems with a team that had its worst season in 14 years: "There was one game when I decided to change pitchers. I walked to the mound and held my hand out for the ball. The kid on the mound hesitated and said, 'Please, Coach, let me face this next guy. Last time he was up I struck him out.' That's true, son. I told him, but if you just think back the last time he was up was in this same inning."

• Bob Fontana, Canadian Davis Cup captain, lamenting his countrymen's laziness: "Years ago nobody heard of Russian tennis players. This year they took sets off such famous Italian players as Nicola Pietrangeli and Fausto Gardini. And it was only because of hard work. If I were to ask a Canadian youngster to run a mile before working out on the court, he would flip—or think I had flipped."

• Art Quirk, Baltimore Oriole rookie pitcher (SL, April 16), on being shipped to Rochester where he won his first start. "They wanted Robin Roberts and I was the guy who got shortchanged. I'll pitch my way back. I'm on my way already."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• An unlikely partnership is about to blossom: a golf manufacturing company headed by Arnold Palmer and ex-jockey Eddie Arcaro.

• Immediately after Al Kaline fractured his collarbone and became a noncontributor the Las Vegas line flashed new odds on the Tigers: from 5 to 1 to 8 to 1.

• A Toronto group, expecting an end to the Big Four Football League, has been working quietly to get into the National Football League, and feels strongly that both Toronto and Montreal will be NFL members within two years.

• Millionaire Bill MacDonald, who has lost a bundle owning minor-league baseball teams, may make it up at the races: he figures to buy up the 55½, he doesn't own in Tropical Park.

END

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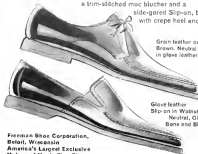


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Tony Trabert... Alex Olmedo...
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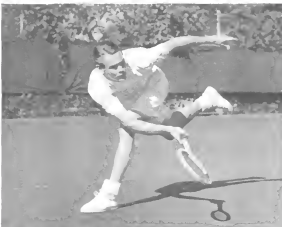
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**Sports
Illustrated**

JUNE 4, 1962

THE RACE IS IN

Photographs by Eric Rabon



THE WEST

San Francisco's Giants broke fast in the National League, but two high hurdles loom: their own history of failure and the hipper-dipper Los Angeles Dodgers, personified below by long-striding Willie Davis stealing second against the Giants last week

CONTINUED



THE GIANTS: BOOM AND BUST

by WALTER BINGHAM

The poet Robinson Jeffers once observed that "all the past is future." In San Francisco live several hundred thousand baseball fans who hope his observation is a lot of bunk. These are the followers of the Giants, and a hardy lot they have proved to be, accustomed themselves to grueling ascents up steep flights of stairs into the swirling winds and rains and fogs and other assorted ills that Candlestick Park is heir to. They have also accustomed themselves to steamroller starts by the Giants, followed by midseason letdowns, end-of-season collapses and a total absence of National League pennants. Will the past be future again this year? Manager Alvin Dark, a taciturn, darkly handsome man from the Cajun country of Louisiana, says no. "I didn't think my players give a thought to past performances," Dark announced recently in a rare spurt of loquacity.

But even as he was speaking, the Giants were beginning to show the signs

that all San Francisco has come to recognize with horror. A throw to the wrong base, two dropped line drives, an overthrow with no one backing up, and the Giants had lost two games to Houston, two more to Los Angeles and one to Philadelphia within six days. Suddenly their lead, once 4½ games, was down to almost nothing, and it looked very much as if the familiar pattern was repeating itself.

The Giants' pattern has been dimly consistent and it goes like this: the Giants usually win on Opening Day, play pennant-winning baseball through April and May and enter June in first place (or, at worst, second) with a handsome record, big on wins, short on losses. Then, as certain as the daily afternoon gale that sweeps up from the Bay, the Giants fade, finishing the season in third, or maybe fifth. It has happened that way for four years.

The worst year in point of San Francisco's mental anguish was 1959, the one

time the team survived the summer slump. With eight games left, the Giants led the Dodgers and Braves by two games and seemingly had the pennant won. But they lost three straight to the Dodgers and four of their last five to finish in third place. Worse yet, the team from archrival Los Angeles won the pennant and the World Series. It was almost more than San Francisco could bear.

This year's start was the Giants' best yet, 26 wins in the first 34 games, most of them over contenders like the Cardinals, Reds, Braves and Pirates. "I don't know why we always seem to start so well," said Chub Feeney, vice-president of the Giants, recently. "I'd say it was a credit to spring training in Arizona, but then the Cubs train there, too."

There was nothing in the Giants' exhibition season to indicate that the team would start strongly this season. The exhibition record was 13-13 and the pitching staff was miserable. Billy Pierce, who had won 189 games in the American League, looked as if he wouldn't win one in the National League. Mike McCormick, the team's top left-hander last year, came up with a lame arm. "It happens every spring," complained McCormick. "It hurts, I throw anyway, and the pain disappears. This year I got smart and tried to get rid of the sore-

ORLANDO CEPEDA HAS A LOOPING, SOMETIMES WILD SWING, BUT AWESOME POWER MAKES HIM MOST DANGEROUS GIANT HITTER



ness with heat. It didn't work." McConick's arm feels good again, though he is still not as effective as he should be.

But even without McConick, the Giant pitching staff has been a wonderment. Juan Marichal, a jovial Dominican right-hander who kicks his leg even higher than Warren Spahn, won seven games by mid-May. Billy Pierce surprised everyone (except himself) by winning his first seven starts. Pierce and White Sox Manager Al Lopez had disagreed last year on when and how often he should pitch—"It's better to leave certain things unsaid," says Pierce when discussing it—so he was happy when he learned he had been traded to the Giants. He insists he is pitching just as he always did. So does Billy O'Dell (Digger to his teammates), a left-hander who won his first five games before losing to the Cardinals 1-0. "It's just a matter of working regularly," he says, the cliché of the satisfied pitcher.

The angry man of the Giant staff is Jack Sanford, one of the Bay area's favorite television characters. Standing on the mound, getting the sign from the catcher, Sanford scowls and grimaces, and the camera picks it all up. "He's better than Matt Dillon," said one viewer. "No one loses himself more in a game than Sanford does," said Alvin Dark.

After a night game in which Sanford was the losing pitcher, Dark told the Giants to skip batting practice the next day and report at noon, an hour before game time. Sanford arrived at 9 in the morning and sat on his stool scowling for three hours. When Dark wandered by to offer his sympathy on the loss, Sanford merely stared at the floor. Grumpy or not, he has been a steady winner.

The Killer Moth

With such good work from the starting pitchers and effective relief pitching from Don Larsen, who came from the White Sox with Pierce, there has been small demand for the services of Stu Miller. For several years Miller has been one of the best relief pitchers in baseball, a scrawny right-hander who lobs the ball so softly that teammates call him The Killer Moth. Sportswriters refer to him as a junk pitcher, but he doesn't mind it. "The hitters know what I can do," he says grimly. He has had one major problem so far this year. With Giant pitchers consistently finishing what they start, he has not been getting enough work to keep his tricky little arm in shape, a problem that Manager Dark hopes will prevail throughout the season.

Although Dark appreciates the good

work the pitchers have done, he insists that it has been the unexpected fine play of the infield, especially Second Baseman Chuck Hiller, that has kept the Giants at the top. Hiller's stock was down this spring, and the Giant front office tried to lure speedy Julien Javier away from the Cardinals. It was hardly encouraging to Hiller, a nervous young man with thinning black hair, to read in the papers that what the Giants really needed was a second baseman. "Naturally it bothered me," Hiller said. "and I think I had a poor spring because of it. I was fielding badly in spring training."

The deal for Javier never came off. "Mr. Dark came to me and told me I was his second baseman," Hiller said. "Suddenly I felt wonderful. I knew the position was mine and I decided to keep it."

The change in Hiller was remarkable. "He was in a shell all spring," said a San Francisco sportswriter. "Suddenly the season started and he was walking around the field as if he owned the joint." Hiller's fielding has been steady and he has hit so well that Dark has had him batting third in recent games.

Hiller and Shortstop Jose Pagan form an adequate, if not razzle-dazzle, double-play combination. Pagan is called Humphrey by his Giant teammates because

continues

AFTER SLUMMING LAST YEAR, LEAD-OFF MAN HARVEY KUENN HAS REGAINED KNACK OF GETTING ON BASE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER



he looks like Humphrey Bogart, especially after he strikes out. He is a little fellow, only 5 feet 9, a native of Puerto Rico. "I do well this year because I have my tonsils out," he explained. "Last year my throat sore all the time." He stroked his throat tenderly, stopping about halfway down. "Right here. So I have them out and they give me ice cream and juices and now it is fine. I also do well because I am playing all the time, I used to come out and sit on the bench and no feel like a ballplayer. Now I am on the team. We have a good team and I know we win, I think."

To the Giants, Jim Davenport is Peanut, because he, too, is small. Davenport has been hitting over .300 for most of the season and is fielding in his usual style, which the Giants insist is the best third base in the league. His knee, injured in 1959, is completely healed. The Giants still feel that it was the injury to Davenport toward the end of the season that cost them the pennant. "We tried everybody at third," said a Giant official. "Even Cepeda. It was horrible. Balls were bouncing over him, under him and around him. We missed Jimmy."

Tribal custom

Davenport is wiry and dark-haired with a swarthy complexion and a mean-looking right-angle scar under his right eye. He can be as mean as his scar if he is provoked. In a recent game Willie Mays, Orlando Cepeda and Ed Bailey all hit home runs in the same inning. According to ancient tribal custom, Davenport, basically a singles hitter, was the one who got dusted off by the pitcher. "That pitcher made a mistake," a San Francisco player said later. "Jimmy's the one guy on this team who could rip that pitcher in half. And he's not likely to forget about it."

When the Giants were in spring training Alvin Dark said he thought the team would do better this year if only because he had a better understanding of the personnel. Soon afterward he announced that Orlando Cepeda would be on first base and Willie McCovey in the outfield, thus solving a Giant dilemma that had existed ever since McCovey burst upon the scene in mid-1959 and pushed Cepeda to the outfield, an unpleasant arrangement all around. McCovey was an outlandish first baseman and Cepeda was lost away from first. Not only that, he resented being moved to a strange

position, as would any player who hits 40 home runs a year. Now Cepeda is back on first base and happy. He is a brute of a young man with a friendly, innocent expression. But when he says, "I like playing first base," it sounds like a threat, and his face isn't as friendly.

When McCovey was sent to the outfield, one Giant follower said: "Don't give him a glove. Give him a cigarette and a blindfold." McCovey himself admits that "at first I was in some doubt whether I'd be able to catch the ball," but after a few games he found it so easy that he told Willie Mays that outfielders should be made to pay their way into the park. "Imagine that," squealed Mays in his high-pitched voice. "Willie McCovey getting on Willie Mays that way!"

McCovey is a phenomenon in San Francisco. His spotlight is wider and brighter than that of anyone except Mays, and his cheers and boos are louder and longer. Whatever he does creates interest and controversy. Local opinion on McCovey ranges from, "Why doesn't Dark wake up and get him in the lineup all the time," to, "He's a wonderful player to have—sitting on the bench."

McCovey is a huge, rambling man who stands at the plate like a mountain. His swing is wide and powerful and his home runs sail high into the winds. Whenever he comes to bat in Candlestick Park, swarms of youngsters crowd the right-field fence, arms outstretched, waiting for a gift from McCovey. In the outfield, when he lopes in or staggers back to make a catch, there is always an exaggerated roar from the stands, not in mockery but in pure enjoyment of seeing a fly ball handled in a special way. There are some who say McCovey is improving as an outfielder. "At least," said one Giant official, "he's not a total loss."

Luckily for the Giants, they have two other outfielders—and good ones—to play left and right field. One is Harvey Kuenn, who comes as close as anyone to being the team leader. Kuenn leads a fast life, smokes a cigar as long as his bat and is rarely seen without a huge wad of tobacco bulging out from his cheek, but he is withal a man of class and a true professional. Whether or not he has a steady influence on his teammates only they themselves know, this is not the sort of thing ballplayers readily admit. What they do admit is that it is comforting to have Harvey hitting in his old American League style. Last year,

his first with the Giants, Kuenn's hitting was off. "The new pitchers, the new parks," he explained. "It was hard to adjust. People don't realize how unsettled you can feel and how it can affect your play. I'm more at home this year and I've been lucky, too. My hits have been dropping in all over the place."

Felipe Alou plays right field most of the time for the Giants. Alou got off to the best start of his career and it is significant that when he left the lineup for a week with a bad elbow, the team faltered. Alou cannot remember hitting the elbow, but when he awoke one morning it was the size of a softball. "I think I got what you call a cold in it," he said sorrowfully as he sat on a stool in the trainer's room, his right arm wrapped in a heating pad. Alou has a magnificent build—"the best in baseball," says Doc Bowman, the Giant trainer—and at 27 appears ready to stand alongside Mays and Cepeda as a power hitter. Felipe's younger brother Mateo—or Matty—is also with the team as a reserve outfielder. He is a shy but forthright boy. One day when Felipe was scheduled to play third base in an emergency, Matty was asked by a reporter if his brother had ever played the infield before. Matty nodded. "How was he?" asked the reporter.

"So-so," said Matty. "What does so-so mean?" the reporter asked.

"Lousy," said Matty. Standing between Alou and Kuenn or McCovey is Willie Mays, and he stands very large indeed. He is still the league's best show and its best player. In a game against the Dodgers last week, Junior Gilliam hit a line drive to left center field, a double by anyone's standard. But Mays, racing across the grass, cut the ball off backhandedly, still running full blast toward the left-field line, he threw across his body. The ball reached second on the fly a split second ahead of Gilliam for the out. It was a typical Mays play—two brilliant moves in one.

Mays is no longer a boy. He has a man's face now, a face that reflects his worries, financial and personal. But on the field he remains a merry person, if a bit more polished than he once was. Standing near home plate at Chavez Ravine for the first time, he looked up at the fourth deck of seats. "This is a very

continued on page 34

WINNING SMILE lights the face of Willie Mays as his teammates congratulate him in the clubhouse after a game-winning homer.



**BATTLE FOR
LIFE IN THE EVERGLADES**

by **JOHN O'REILLY**

Photographs by Lynn Peltus



In beautiful Anhinga Trail's once clear waters, now a mass of soupy mud as a result of the interminable drought that is devastating south Florida, an alligator caught a garfish (above) and fought to preserve it from the hungry jaws of scavenging turtles. Such scenes were frequent last week throughout the Everglades National Park, famed for its subtropical wildlife, as animals crept to dwindling water holes in a desperate struggle for survival. The great ibis and

heron rookeries were bare. Instead of nesting, the birds fled in thousands to Cuba and other nearby Caribbean islands. What mammals that were left starved and fresh-water bass choked as ocean salt water pushed up rivers. Finally—what the Park Service had dreaded most—the fires came, bringing with them destruction and a dense black cloud so big it almost forced postponement of Astronaut Scott Carpenter's lift-off at Cape Canaveral, 200 miles away.

CONTINUED



Evidence of drought conditions in Everglades National Park is presented by water gauge in slough at Anhinga Trail. Where fish swim and birds feed in normal times, there is now only mud scarred by the tracks of alligators. Last week the water table in the vicinity of the park headquarters had dropped to 2.18 feet below sea level, lowest in the park records.

A mother and baby alligator were among hundreds that congregated in a canal and moat near Seven Mile Tower in the northern section of the park a fortnight ago when an isolated shower raised the water level. Last week fires burned on three sides of the oasis, but fire fighters successfully brought the flames under control to preserve the remaining wildlife.



What the Fire Has Done

Probably started by a match or cigarette tossed from a car on the Tamiami Trail, fire fanned by 25-mile-an-hour winds roared out across the Everglades. Too fast and hot to be controlled, it soon became apparent that this was more than the usual dry-season grass fire common to south Florida. Because of the severity of the drought, even the peaty soil burned. By the third day flames had swept into Everglades National Park, and visitors to the overlook tower at Pa-hay-

okee saw the Seminole Indians' "river of grass" turn into a flood of fire. Using ground crews and planes with chemicals, fire fighters conceded the vast middle area of the Everglades and battled to save the park's main tourist and scientific attractions. A few showers fell on the 10th day, some of them putting out fingers of the fire, but already more than 162,000 acres had burned over, 60,000 of them in the park, and anxious officials scanned weather reports for signs that the overdue rainy season would soon begin. The heavy rains never came last year, and if the fires should continue now the U.S. surely would lose one of its great scenic wonders.









Detroit Detour

Bloomfield Hills is an executives-only suburban community outside Detroit, and the good life there can be as stimulating as a high-horsepower race to the top of a rising auto-industry sales chart. But when the ladies of Bloomfield Hills want to get away from it all, they pull out of traffic into the local bowling alley. Here, as unconcerned with competitive markets as an assembly-line mechanic, are 1) Mrs. John French—he's general manager of Ford's Autolite division; 2) Mrs. Semon Knudsen—he's Chevrolet's general manager; 3) Mrs. George Walker—he's a retired Ford vice-president; and 4) Mrs. Dale Douglass—he's a Chevy plant manager.

Photographs by Art Slay



WAITING FOR A LAKE, THE LADIES RUN A LITTLE POOL

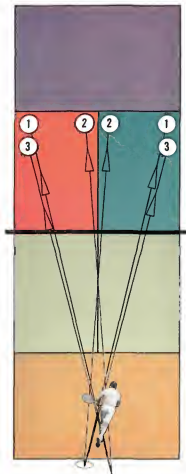
"Perfect style, unchangeable stamina, even the best strokes are of no avail," wrote an early authority on tennis, "if the brain that governs the hands is not taking stock of strategic positions by which winning coups may be achieved." In his forthcoming book, The Game of Singles in Tennis (Lippincott), written with Bruce S. Old, former Davis Cup Captain and U.S. Doubles Champion Bill Talbert takes full stock of the strategies by which a host of the leading tennis stars have made their games pay off in points. Talbert and Old, a senior vice-president of the research firm of Arthur D. Little, Inc., made tennis laboratories of the world's top grass, clay and hard court tournaments, recording the stroke-by-stroke progress of virtually every point in every important match for six years. Then they analyzed these detailed observations to plot the maneuvers that win and lose tennis matches. Some of the results are demonstrated in the diagrams on the following pages.

THE STRATEGIES OF SINGLES

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

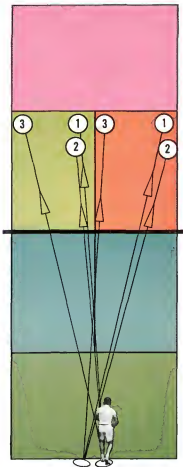
Many excellent tennis books have been written about such basics of the game as stroke production, but the questions Bruce Old and I asked ourselves about tennis at the start of this book went somewhat deeper. They were concerned not only with how to play tennis but how to win at it. What, for example, is the actual advantage in points won of the big-serve-and-volley game? How important statistically is the first serve? The second? The return? What is the most effective target for a passing shot? A kill? The world's best tennis players, going all out to win in game after game at Forest Hills, Wimbledon, River Oaks, Paris and elsewhere, gave us the answers. We found, for instance, that the first serve accounts for 33% of all winning strokes in the modern game. More important, perhaps, we found that 50% of all first serves are aimed at the outside corners of the service courts (1 in the first diagram). Second serves, on the other hand, are more likely to be hit to the receiver's backhand in both service courts (1 in second diagram) and when thus aimed are about as effective in winning points as the harder-hit first serves. Returns of service were, of course, less easy to plot and analyze, but an index of their importance is the fact that some 25% of serves are not returned at all.

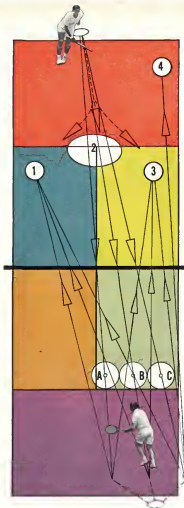
Obviously, no set of diagrams could cover every contingency in a game where an attack can be met by a dozen different defenses, any one of which in turn opens the door to new attacks. On these pages we have contented ourselves with six classic situations. To discourage thinking of the opposite court as merely a large area on the other side of the net, we have blocked out strategic areas of play in contrasting colors. Straight lines indicate the flight paths of stroked balls (the dash-dot line is a lob); ovals show positions of players and dashed lines their movements. A careful study of these situations should, we believe, give every player, whether weekend or tournament, a better understanding of the strategic and tactical nature of tennis.



ON FIRST SERVES, the favorite aim points (1)—used by the experts at least half the time—are deep to the outside corners. Their purpose is to force the receiver out of position and hence to open up the court for a winning first volley by the server. The purpose behind the second- and third-preference aim points (2 and 3) is to capitalize on a receiver's stroke weakness or poor positioning or to keep him guessing.

ON SECOND SERVES, the preferred aim is to the same areas in both service courts. Because it is easy to control, the American twist is almost invariably used for the second serve. Since it naturally spins the ball to areas 1 and 2, two-thirds of the serves in the forehand court and three-quarters of those in the backhand fall into these areas. Serves sliced to area 3 and its vicinity are designed only to keep the receiver guessing.

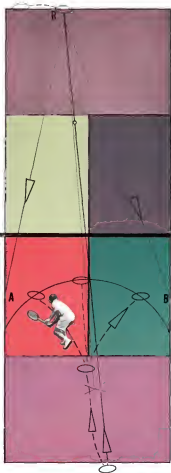




AGAINST NET RUSH of server who has hit deep to area C in the forehand court, low returns sent cross-court to aim point 1 and down the line to 3 or 4 are about equally decisive, although experts tend to use the cross-court return twice as often as the other. From area A, however, the cross-court return to aim point 1 gives more outright winners. Overall, low cross-court and down-the-line returns yield about 55% winning shots; returns to mid-court (aim point 2) yield only about 40%.

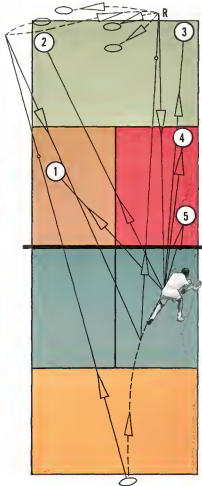
A GOOD PASSING SHOT depends on the ability of the would-be passer to force his opponent into volleying short. For example, here a receiver moves in to hit a serve down the line toward point 1. This forces the server to reach far over to his left to make the volley from near the ground in what probably will prove a feeble shot. The alert passer can then send his shot down the line to 1 (behind the volleyer as he moves toward center), cross-court to 2 or over the server's head to 3.





GOING TO NET behind serve, the server must in general follow a line bisecting the angle (ARB) marking the likely extremes of any return. As shown here in a serve down the middle to the forehand court, the server's best position is a few inches on the receiver's forehand side of that bisector, since the return probably will be slightly faster on that side. Note that as the server comes closer in to the net, the space between the AR and BR lines narrows. He thus has less ground to cover.

GOING FOR THE KILL means hitting to a place where your opponent can't or hitting behind him as he moves. Here a server is getting set to make his second volley and from watching his opponent he must decide in split seconds where to place it. If the receiver hesitates too long at R, server can volley a high ball to point 1 or, if the ball is low, deep to point 2. If receiver commits himself toward 2 or 1, however, a high ball can be slammed to 3, a low ball to 4 or a drop volley to 5.





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Recognize the famous sportsman? The colorful sportswear? This is Bob Cousy, "Mr. Basketball," of Boston. He's wearing new Jantzen "Signalman" trunks of red, blue, yellow, and white—now available for boys. Note the proud lad: His Jantzen trunks have the same *bright-as-a-basketball-uniform* styling as Bob's. Men's trunks \$5.95. Boys' \$3.98. At the better men's and boys' stores.

Photo taken by Tom Kelley near the Surfside hotel in Honolulu

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The champion reveals the critical miscalculation that led to his knockout by Ingemar Johansson, and describes how the loss thrust him again into the misery of self-doubt that he believed he had outgrown. The second of three articles from his autobiography

HOW I LOST THE TITLE

by FLOYD PATTERSON



A day or two after I won my first professional fight, I was back working at the Gramercy Park Hotel. I had beaten Eddie Godbold in two minutes and 39 seconds of the fourth round. My pay was \$300. It was given to me in cash—three \$100 bills. It was a lot of money, for me. My salary at the hotel was \$44 a week, and \$25 of it went to my mother every payday. After all those years of having nothing in my pocket it was fine to know there was money there. For a long time afterward I'd take my share of the purses in cash and carry it around with me. Maybe I counted it every once in a while.

Not that there was always a lot to count—not right away, anyway. My life for the next few years was like any professional fighter's: sometimes I was in the money, of-

ten I was broke. A few times I went hungry, but that was because I managed badly.

But I learned. I learned a lot of things—about money, about fighting and about life, I guess you'd say. Some of them I wish I'd never had to learn; most people probably wish that. The fights are all part of the record, and anybody who follows boxing knows about the many I won and the few I lost. My ring history is all tangled up with the story of Cus D'Amato and his feud with the International Boxing Club. I'm not concerned with the rights and wrongs of that, because I wasn't in the feud, exactly. Cus was fighting Jim Norris and I was his big gun.

Cus was my manager and I went along with the time schedule he had worked out for me, though I didn't always

continued

Copyright © 1982 by Floyd Patterson. From the book "I Was Over Myself,"
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agree with it. I was impatient to go up against the tough ones, and Cus always tried to match me when he thought I was ready. Just after I turned 19 I was eager to take on Joey Maxim, but Cus kept holding me off. Until this time I'd been fighting strictly as a middleweight or at weights close enough to it. But I was big-boned and I went on a diet designed to pick up my weight. It was a change from what I was used to. I was a pork-chop and sweet-potato eater. But Cus put me on steaks. I disliked steak but I ate what I was told, and each time I stepped on a scale there was something more to see. Eventually I fought Maxim, on June 7, 1954. He won. It was the first time I was beaten by a pro and I took it hard, even though 11 winters out of 12 in a ringside pool said I had won. I thought I'd won, too, but I didn't dispute the decision. Instead—once the disappointment had worn off—the fight convinced me that someday I would be a champion. Maxim showed me nothing in the ring I couldn't learn to handle. And he had been a champion.

I was sure I was on my way, but the championship wasn't all that was on my mind. Other things, more important probably in the long run, were happening, so that sometimes I all but forgot my ring career.

Wedding between fights

I married Sandra in 1956—first in a civil ceremony, later (after I'd become a Catholic) in a religious ceremony on July 13. The courtship and the marriage are still bound up in both our minds with fights and training periods. The civil wedding took place not too long before I fought Hurricane Jackson in what was really an elimination to meet Archie Moore for the title. That was after Rocky Marciano retired on April 27, 1956. Our first child, Seneca, whom we call Jeannie, was born the night I won the title from Moore. Trina, our second daughter, was born three months before Ingemar Johansson knocked me out; and Floyd Jr., my first boy, was born soon after I regained the title by knocking out Ingemar.

Shortly after I became the world champion on Nov. 30, 1956 my awareness of some of the unpleasant things in our society grew sharper. I was living in Mount Vernon, N.Y., by then, and the mayor, who had once been a fighter himself, arranged for a torchlight pro-

cession in my honor. I liked that—who wouldn't? I liked all the distinction that went with being a champion: the dinners and interviews and being asked for my autograph. But in some ways nothing had changed. I was a Negro—and I wanted to be accepted for what I had always been, not for what I had become.

I knew that, champion or no champion, I'd still be called names by the ignorant, still face segregation and discrimination. But I didn't expect what happened when I went on a five-city exhibition tour in April 1957. I was to fight exhibitions with Julio Mederos in Kansas City, Minneapolis and Joplin, and with Alvin Williams in Wichita and Fort Smith, Ark. This wasn't Deep South. I'd had experience of what happens to Negroes there. But this was Midwest, except for Arkansas. And in place after place it was the same old insult, sometimes open, sometimes veiled. My sparring partners and I couldn't stay at certain hotels or eat in certain restaurants. In Kansas City we found out that Jersey Joe Walcott was staying at our hotel and we went to see him.

"It's a big thing to be the champ," Joe said. "It opens an awful lot of doors."

The remark had a bitter ring. We had just come from having the doors of several restaurants slammed in our faces, not literally, but they made it clear they didn't serve Negroes. I noticed a bag of cookies and a bottle of milk on the table next to Joe's bed. We had interrupted his meal. Joe offered us cookies.

"We just had a bite in our own room," I said, "just the way you're having it."

"Ain't it something?" Joe said. "The former world champion and the present champ, but here it's all the same. The oldest champ and the youngest, but both got to eat in their rooms."

There were bright spots, though, and decent people wherever we went. In Fort Smith we met some hostility as soon as we got off the train. But then a man came out of the crowd and offered his hand. "I'm Father Delaney," he said. "I want to welcome you to town and show you around."

He was Father Samuel J. Delaney, pastor of St. John the Baptist Catholic Church in Fort Smith, which is part of the Little Rock diocese. I don't know if he was a fight fan, but he certainly turned out to be a friend. He took us into town in his car and suggested that we'd be more comfortable at his rectory than at a segregated hotel. We took him up on it and had a pleasant stay.

Maybe I feel these problems too deeply, but that's my nature. Even in my boxing life there was always some dissatisfaction hovering over the successes. When I was on my way up there were those that said Cus D'Amato matched me with setups. I knew different, but the criticism stung. When I beat Archie Moore for the title, it was belittled as a victory over an old man. Marciano's retirement left a shadow over any titleholder that followed him. I took what challenges there were, but I came to feel that there was some truth in what the detractors said, that my championship was almost one of default for lack of a challenger of stature. I wanted a clean-cut victory—one there couldn't be any caving about. I thought I'd win it in my first fight with Ingemar Johansson.

I was to meet him on June 25, 1959 at Yankee Stadium, in an international match of the biggest proportions. I saw Ingemar as my steppingstone to complete acceptance as a great champion by the boxing press.

Ingemar was set up in a \$100,000 private home near Grossinger's in the Catskills. He had a private chef to cook his meals. He trained in the ski lodge of that world-famous resort hotel. He spent his evenings in the Terrace Room listening to the comedians and seeing the shows and dancing. He played some golf and went horseback riding and swimming. He had his girl friend, mother and father, sister and brother and his brother's fiancée living with him at his training quarters. It was he who lived like the king while preparing to become one.

Me? I lived like a fighter in training for a heavyweight championship fight. The single room in which I slept was only a couple of nails above a squatter's shack. I didn't see my wife and children for weeks. More weeks would go by without talking to her over the phone. She knew and I knew that this is how it had to be. You don't build yourself up mentally and emotionally for a fight by being kind to yourself or those you love. It is a hard business. There is no easy way to succeed in it.

What I was trying to do, of course, was develop an attitude of respect for Johansson. He was undefeated in 21 fights and had knocked out 13 of his opponents. He was the European heavyweight champion, whose right-hand punch was supposed to be the kind of weapon that could put away any opponent he hit with it.

There was one thing, however, I could

not eliminate from my consciousness, no matter how hard I tried. That was my one view of Ingemar as a fighter in the flesh. That had come in the Olympic Games of 1952 in Helsinki, when I won as a middleweight and Ingemar had been disqualified against America's Eddie Sanders, a huge man who really was scary to look at.

Ingemar was a counterfitter and so was Sanders. Each waited for the other to lead in the ring, but the referee decided Johansson wasn't doing any fighting at all and threw him out. The Olympic officials didn't even recognize Ingemar after that for his second-place medal. The Swedish newspapers at the time felt Johansson had disgraced his country. For years Ingemar tried to erase that blot from his name and record. By becoming a professional and the European champion, he did. But still lingering in my mind was the remembrance of something I had never talked about even after Johansson and I were signed to fight.

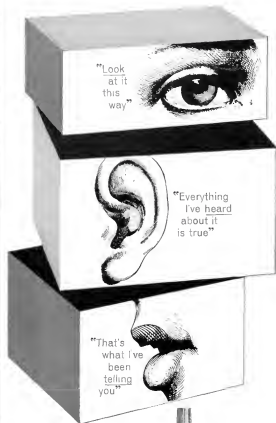
I had never in my life seen a man so scared in the ring as Johansson was in that fight against Sanders. I, like so many others, may have done Johansson an injustice, but first impressions are lasting and that was mine.

The famous right hand

I saw Johansson again for the first time since seeing him in Helsinki; the day our fight was officially announced in a Swedish restaurant in New York City. He was bigger, just as handsome and apparently very confident. When the newspapermen talked to him afterward he talked about his right hand as though it were something mysterious. Edwin Ahlqvist, Ingemar's adviser, described the punch as "boonder and lightning." Ingemar himself said it was so fast that it couldn't be seen when thrown. He said he saved it to throw it at the right time and even he didn't know when he threw it. It was like a button would be pushed in his brain, the right hand would lash out and that would be it. I'd never know what hit me.

From a promotional point of view, that was fine, except that I guess I never quite believed it. As the time for the bout approached, I found myself getting bored. Without appreciating how much the worm of my own disrespect for an opponent had begun to burrow into me, I was slowly losing my eagerness for the fight. It is a very hard thing to explain. Fighters understand the sense of anticipation that takes hold of them as a

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PATTERSON continued

about gets nearer and nearer. Your body can be in perfect condition. Your punches can be working hard and sharp. Your reflexes can be trigger-fine, yet there is a certain feeling which must go with all of it and I didn't have that feeling. I kept telling myself it would come once I got into the ring. Never once would I allow myself to accept that it wouldn't come. It would have been a dreadful thing for me to admit to myself that I had lost interest because I couldn't work up sufficient respect for Ingemar.

Not once in my entire career have I ever bragged before a fight to the press. Never have I predicted that I would win. The most I would ever say is that I would do my best. It has always been good enough, and this time, with Ingemar discounted by the press as a 5-to-1 underdog, I kept telling myself I could not discount him, too. The worst of it all is that I believed in my own lies to myself. I deluded myself. I wanted so much to make this fight the one in which I'd become recognized, not as a great champion, but just a good one, that I would not accept my growing suspicion that I was beginning to take Johansson for granted.

Final preparations

Even as training came to an end, I could not throw off the feeling that something was missing. In my last sparring session, before a busload of newspapermen from all over the world brought up to camp by the promoter, I seemed as vicious as it was possible to be. My handlers obviously were satisfied with my "edge." The writers seemed impressed.

We broke camp the night before the fight and drove into New York City in a Cadillac provided by the mayor of Mount Vernon. A policeman drove the car and two detectives rode with us as a sort of bodyguard. Our destination was the Hotel Edison, where I was to stay overnight before the weigh-in ceremonies and until I went to the ball park for the fight.

That night I dreamed about the fight — not how it would take place, but about being home again with my family. When I realized that everybody home was laughing and happy, I figured the fight had ended with me winning. There wasn't uneasiness in me, only impatience. I wanted to get it over with.

Unfortunately, rain postponed the fight one night. I had weighed in at 182,

Johansson at 196. It rained part of the next day as well, but stopped about an hour before fight time. The seats were still wet for those who came. There was a mugginess in the air. With only 21,961 in the big ball park, there was almost a feeling of desolation. For so many months the promotion of the fight had been marred by lawsuits and other annoyances, and the only way I can sum up my whole feeling as we sat on our stools facing each other is that I was bored and impatient and without the usual eagerness that should precede the opening bell.

When the fight started, nothing happened to change my overconfident attitude. It seemed to me that Johansson was going to be satisfied to fight a completely defensive fight and be content to go the full 15 rounds. He kept pushing his left jab out, not as an offensive weapon, but more defensive. It wasn't even a hard jab, just a flick, kind of. Every time I tried to come in, he'd jump back. It surprised me that, big as he was, he was so quick on his feet in retreat. But that only added to my feeling that it would be just a matter of time before I'd be able to close with him and put him away. That's all that was in my mind — my lazy mind, I should add, because I had no sense of caution in me. Every fighter should be a little afraid of what could happen to him, because fear makes your mind sharper. When you have nothing to fear your mind becomes dull.

They tell me that in the first round Ingemar flicked out his left hand 96 times and 107 times in the second, but I can honestly say I never felt one of them. They were just annoying. They were hardly more than brushes at me, but the more he did it the more impatient and disgusted I became. There were people in the ball park who paid \$100 a seat at ringside, and some of them were already beginning to boo because there just wasn't any action in the fight. I could understand their dissatisfaction. It seemed a boring fight to me, and the burden was on me to make it a more interesting one.

Judge Forbes and Referee Goldstein gave me the first two rounds, but that wouldn't have mattered to me then, had I known it, nor does it matter to me now. What distressed me was that Ingemar showed no inclination to mix it. I couldn't get close enough to him to start my combinations or work on his body because he'd always be jumping backwards. Once I leaped at him and

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threw a left hook, which he blocked as he was retreating by throwing up his right arm. Toward the end of the second round I got inside once, but instead of fighting he just grabbed me in his big arms and squeezed me in a bear hug so that I couldn't punch.

At the bell ending the second round, I kind of scowled at him going toward his corner. I was disturbed with him for not making much of a fight. I must admit I was disturbed with myself as well. There had been one cautioning note in my mind that he could do me harm only by throwing his right hand. In the opening round he had thrown it once, but it didn't seem to me to be any more powerful than his left.

That was my miscalculation, because all along he apparently was trying me out, kind of testing my reaction to whatever moves he made. Three times, for example, he shoved out a left hand and I found myself moving straight toward the right hand. I was directly in line with it, but three times he didn't do anything about throwing the right and I said to myself, "He's not going to throw that right at all."

The big gamble

I was so positively sure that it would only be a matter of time before he'd make the big mistake. Then I would get to him, and then it would be all over for him. He seemed awkward and sloppy. Between the second and third rounds I'd more or less made up my mind I wasn't going to delay any longer. By that time I'd reached another conclusion in my mind. I was going to gamble by moving in on him, no matter what. Ordinarily I wouldn't risk anything like that so early but it seemed to me that I'd given him chances and he hadn't done anything about them and so one thing had to be true. He had never used his right hand in training because he didn't really have a right hand. Once I'd made up my mind to that I was well on my way to getting bombed.

The result of my miscalculation wasn't long coming. Soon after the third round started, Ingemar began to flick that left again. It was more a hook than the pushing jab this time, but I was moving in. I was not watching his right. I was watching the left, which I caught on my glove. I never saw the big punch come at me, which is what usually happens when you get hit hard. I have since seen

the movies many times and know that the straight right penetrated through my hands held up toward my face in defense, but I didn't know it then. There wasn't any pain, just shock. That was the first of seven times Ingemar knocked me down, but I don't remember going down the first two times.

The last recollection I had was of Ingemar starting to jump back again and me starting to move in, and the next thing I knew I was hearing Referee Ruby Goldstein counting. I don't know what number he'd reached, but the voice stopped counting and said, "Neutral corner. Go to the farthest neutral corner." I assumed I had knocked Ingemar down. I didn't remember going down or getting up, so it had to be me who put him down.

As always when I go to the corner while the ref is counting, I started to take the mouthpiece out of my mouth. Suddenly I felt an impact on the back of my head and the side of my jaw. The one on the back of the head did the most damage. I remember being down then, but I don't remember going down. I saw the referee, but I was looking up at him. Then I knew it was I and not Ingemar who had been knocked down.

I had been down for nine times, then for seven, six, seven and nine before the referee finally stepped in and ended the bout. But the more I went down after the second knockdown the more vividly I could remember what was happening.

I just couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe he had knocked me down and I was actually being beaten and being knocked around the ring. I think it was after the fourth knockdown that I looked right into the eyes of John Wayne, the movie actor, and I was more embarrassed than anything else. Here this famous man whose movies I had watched so many times had come to see me fight and I was getting punched around and rolling on the canvas.

I got up and tried to give it everything I had, but with the first two knockdowns Ingemar had taken everything out of me. My legs and arms felt heavy. My head was clearing, but it still was groggy. When the referee stopped the fight, I sensed it more than I knew it.

Even at this late date there are blanks about what happened next. I remember looking into Ingemar's corner, and the next thing I was aware of was being back in my own corner and one of my seconds was saying, "Don't worry, we'll get him the next time."

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PATTERSON

I knew I had been beaten, but these words kept running around in my head and I said to myself, "I've lost the championship." Things came to me, like in parts. It wasn't because of unconsciousness or blacking out or anything like that, but from thinking so deep within myself. I was crying inside, asking myself, "How did I lose? How did he get the right hand in? I never saw it."

From one period to the next, it was like my mind was a page of writing and somebody had cut a piece right out of the middle of it. I don't recall walking down the steps of the ring, but suddenly there was Sandra before me, her face wrinkled in distress, and she threw her arms around me and embraced me and said something which didn't touch my consciousness at all.

I must have walked from ringside halfway to the dressing room before I was aware that there were people all around me, shouting and yelling. Like a light was suddenly turned on, I can remember looking into one fellow's face and he had a big smile on it and he was yelling to another, "See, I told you. This guy can't fight."

There was no feeling in me—just a kind of despair and numbness. My mind grasped that I was no longer the titleholder, but it hadn't grasped why. I don't even know how long I was allowed to sit in the dressing room with that blankness within me. When my wife, my mother, my mother-in-law and Mrs. November, the wife of my lawyer, finally were let in to see me, they all embraced me. They were so sympathetic. I hate sympathy. I didn't realize until then how much I do hate it. I didn't want to hear any more of what they were saying. What good was sympathy?

I wanted to be alone. I wanted to think the whole thing out for myself and by myself, but I had to do something else first. I had to reassure my family that I wasn't hurt, although I had been thoroughly beaten. My brother Raymond drove Sandra and me to my family's home in Mount Vernon. We didn't stay there long. There was too much sympathy. In 15 minutes Raymond was driving us back to my home in Rockville Centre.

My wife knows me. She knew I didn't want to talk about the fight, but she was worried. "How do you feel?" she asked after we had driven awhile.

"How am I supposed to feel?" I said, looking at her curiously.

"I don't mean mentally," she said. "Are you in pain?"

"I've got a headache," I said, "but that's all."

Raymond was making a turn then Sandra and I had been sitting apart; she had been looking at me intently and I had been looking off into space. But the turn threw my body in her direction. I laid my head on her shoulder. She put her arms around me and that was the way we rode home.

Plans and problems

It wasn't so much being beaten—knocked out for the first time in my career. There was so much more racing through my mind. Truly, I was thinking less of myself than I was of the others who were dependent upon me. My wife, my children, my brothers and sisters and mother. I thought Ingemar had smashed all my plans for them, all the dreams I had been building about them going to college and becoming something. I thought of my mother, who had never had a new dress until I began to make money in the ring. I wondered what would become of her. In those dark moments I did not believe I would get the opportunity to win back what I had lost despite the return-bout clause in the contracts of the fight.

"Are you hungry, Floyd?" Sandra asked once we were back home.

"I think I'll go right to bed," I said.

"I'll be right up, too," she said. "I'll bring you a cup of tea."

I went up to our room and got into my pajamas. I looked into the children's room. They were sound asleep. They didn't know the world had collapsed around their daddy's head. I got into my bed and pretended to be asleep when Sandra came up with the tea. She must have known I wasn't but she didn't try to wake me.

I don't know how long I lay there, but when I thought Sandra had fallen asleep, I quietly got out of bed and went downstairs to the den. Sandra's footsteps followed mine downstairs.

"Floyd," she said, "Floyd, what good will it do sitting down here in the dark thinking?"

"Will it do more good," I said, "lying up there in the dark?"

"You didn't drink your tea before," she said. "I'll heat up the water. We can have a cup together."

"How could it have happened?" I burst out. "How could he have hit me with that right hand?"

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PATTERSON *continued*

“It happened,” she said, “and it will pass. Have faith.”

The blinds were drawn, but through them the light was beginning to seep into the room. I had no idea of the time or how long we had been sitting there, but the dawn had come.

“The children,” Sandra said, “will be getting up soon.”

“You’d better go up and get an hour’s sleep or so.”

“Come up, too,” Sandra said.

“I won’t be able to sleep,” I said.

“Don’t let the children see you sitting here like that when they come down,” Sandra said.

“I’ll be up there later. I’ll try to get into bed before the children come downstairs,” I said.

I must have dozed fitfully. I’d come awake with a start every so often and it was like feeling that jolt again when Ingomar hit me behind the head. It must have been about 8 in the morning when I opened my eyes with that growing feeling of uneasiness. There was Jeanne, my 3-year-old, standing in front of my chair and staring at me. There was sadness in her face which must have been reflecting the look in mine. I took her in my arms and held her on my lap with her head against my chest so that she couldn’t look at me.

“She’s only 3,” I said to myself. “How could she know about fighting? How could she know I’ve lost my title?”

“Floyd,” Sandra said, coming into the den while I was moping that way, “you’ve got to go to bed.”

I went up again and this time fell asleep through sheer exhaustion. When I next opened my eyes I saw Sandra standing there beside the bed with a worried look on her face.

“What’s wrong with your ear?” she asked.

“Just a pain,” I said. “It was leaking a week ago and stopped, but I got hit

there and it must have started the leaking again.”

“It’s bleeding, Floyd,” Sandra said. “The blood’s all over the pillow.”

There were bloodstains on the pillowcase where I’d twisted and turned in my sleep. “It’ll stop,” I said.

“No,” she said. “You’ve got to see a doctor right away. I’ll call the medical center.”

“I don’t want to go out,” I said, horrified at how people would look at me. “I’ll drive you there,” Sandra said. “It’s only a few blocks.”

We made an appointment to see Dr. Nathan Steinberg, an ear, nose and throat specialist, who advised me that my left eardrum had been punctured by the force of Johansson’s punch. It was nothing serious, it seemed the least of my worries. The deeper scars of the fight were all inside. The doctor asked me to come back again to see him in another week. By then the ear was almost healed. The other things that bothered me took so much longer.

It was late Saturday, long after we’d come back from the medical center and I’d had a few solid hours of sleep. I had discovered that sleeping was better than thinking. I was sitting in the den with the television turned on, but I didn’t see what was on the screen. Sandra came into the room and turned off the set.

“You’re not watching it anyway,” she said.

She sat down beside me. “This may be the time to give it up,” she said. “Why don’t you quit?”

“Quit?” I said. “Now? After one defeat?”

“We’ve got enough money,” she said.

“We can live. If necessary, I’ll get a job.”

“Definitely, this is not the time to quit,” I said. “How could I live with myself? What would the fans think of me—running away because I was knocked out? Sandra, don’t you understand that I’ve got to fight him again and prove something to myself?”



In next week's issue Patterson tells of the nightmare year that followed his defeat and describes his painstaking preparations for the second Johansson fight. These articles are taken from Floyd's autobiography, *Victory over Myself*, written with Milton Gross. It is published by Bernard Geis Associates (\$3.95).



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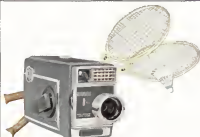
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Judgment at Baltimore

The American Football League lost its first head-on scrimmage with the NFL when a U.S. District Judge refused to call a penalty

Judge Roszel Thomsen, an endlessly inquisitive man with a good working knowledge of professional football, last week decided, in the United States District Court of Maryland, that the American Football League had no monopoly case against the National Football League. In 37 pages of careful prose, he summed up 2,857 pages of transcript covering two months in court and threw out the AFL's \$10,080,000 suit.

Thomsen ruled 1) that the AFL had shown no proof that the NFL had a monopoly on players, 2) that it had not shown that the NFL had the power to exclude the AFL from adequate television outlets; and 3) that the NFL moves into Dallas and Minneapolis did not constitute an attempt at monopoly since there were other cities available for the AFL to move into.

Aside from the relief this decision gave the NFL, it will, undoubtedly, establish a precedent for the future. Pete Rozelle, the commissioner of the NFL, received a wire from Maurice Podoloff offering congratulations. Podoloff was understandably happy; his National Basketball League may be sued by the American Basketball League on very similar grounds because the Philadelphia Warriors have decided to move into San Francisco to compete with the ABL's San Francisco Saints.

Possibly the biggest individual loser in the suit was Lamar Hunt, founding president of the AFL and owner of the Dallas Texans. He was the particular target for Judge Thomsen's somewhat acerbic comments throughout the trial. On the final day of arguments Thomsen said to the AFL attorney: "I am not buying Mr. Hunt's testimony 100%; any more than I am buying the defendants' testimony 100%." Later, in discussing the value of a franchise, he brushed aside an estimate credited to the extremely wealthy Hunt, questioning, "Do you think that what Mr. Hunt was willing to pay to bring a franchise to Dallas is any measure of what anything is worth?"



JUDGE ROSZEL THOMSEN, WHO MADE DECISION, AND LAMAR HUNT, WHO LOST

The AFL was represented, among its owners, almost entirely by Hunt, the only one to attend all the sessions. Most of the others seemed reluctant to press the suit. There is almost no chance that this case will be appealed; for one thing, it has cost the AFL, which can ill afford the money at this time, nearly \$200,000 in attorneys' fees and court costs. For another, it seems unlikely that an appellate court would find grounds for reversal.

This, of course, is a tribute to the meticulous way in which Thomsen conducted the case. He asked many searching questions and only once did he begin to show annoyance. This was in a testy footnote to the reprise of a conversation between owners in both leagues in which the various versions of what was said were startlingly at variance.

"This case," Thomsen noted, "presents many striking examples of the fact that most men remember very little of conversations held two or three years ago, mainly those parts which seemed important to them at the time, and reconstruct the rest based on what they

think they should have said and, therefore, must have said."

Naturally, the decision pleased NFL owners who, on a wave of happiness, voted Rozelle a \$10,000 raise. It was received with mixed and sometimes odd emotion by AFL people.

"I am glad to get this point settled," said Hunt. "It's a step forward for the American Football League," said Commissioner Joe Foss obscurely from his Sioux Falls, South Dakota home. "You can't win 'em all."

"You can't win 'em all, we still have our heads above water, and other clichés," said Milt Woodard, assistant commissioner, before he heard his boss's quote.

Harry Wismer, who owns the New York Titans but was not called as a witness by the AFL, had, he said, been against the suit from the beginning. "It has been a most costly lesson," Wismer intoned. (He is liable for his share of the legal costs and has already lost \$1.2 million with the Titans.) "Now that it is over, the clubs can settle down and play football."

END

*When to
make a pitch
with a putt*

Too many of us, I think, reach for a chipping or pitching club on those delicate little shots around the green that might be better executed with a putter. The playing conditions, of course, must be right. You should be playing over firm turf that is free of heavy or wet grass, and you should be in a situation in which the pin placement makes it quite difficult to get a pitch shot close—especially from a thin lie. The pin might be on the side of the green closest to you or tucked behind a mound that a pitch shot might not clear but a putt would roll over. Use your usual putting stroke on this shot. Since the ball will bounce quickly over the hard ground, you do not need to hit it much harder than a regular putt. I knew about this shot, but I seldom had occasion to play it until I came out on the tour. Now on certain courses I often use it several times a round. In the second round of the recent Masters, for instance, I hit a poor second shot on the 9th hole and my ball stopped 40 feet to the right of the green. The pin was on the lower right side of the green and there was a mound between the ball and the cup. Without a great deal of luck I could not have pitched the ball near the pin, so I putted it over the relatively hard surface. It went up over the mound and to within five feet of the hole. This is strictly a percentage shot that will work to your advantage in the long run. The point I wish to make is that by using a putter under these conditions you will get the ball close to the hole more often than with a lofted club; there also is less chance of wasting additional strokes.



Drawing by Francis Golden

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

No harm in a sprung trap

There arrived in the mail the other day an intriguing letter from a good friend of mine, Don Von Elsner of Halo, Hawaii. Don's profession is the writing of mysteries, and one of his creations is Colonel Danning, a combination bridge expert and detective; two fields of endeavor that have much in common.

"I happened to be kibitzing Colonel Danning in a high-stake game last night," wrote Don, "and he came up with a rather rare play which I had reason to enjoy very much." As you will see, the play is not only a rarity, it follows the mystery story precept that the least likely line of thought is the right one. I venture to add my guess that the initial detective work occurred in a hand played by the author himself, for no one need help Life Master Von Elsner with the bridge scenes in his books. He is one of Hawaii's—indeed, one of the country's—top players.

*North-South vulnerable
West deals*

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
WEST (Colonel Danning)	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♥	PASS	3♦	4♦
DBL.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: club 10

Don explains South's four-spade bid on the grounds of that player's dashing style, which is fair enough. He justifies the colonel's double with the West hand, explaining that, if West passed, East might infer some tolerance for clubs.

Dummy won the club ace and led the spade king. East took the ace and tried to set up a trump trick for partner by leading a club. But South could afford to ruff high—and did so. Two more high trumps cleaned up the suit and South led the queen of hearts. Danning won the trick, and his partner, having previously discarded two hearts, threw a club.

By counting the cards already played, declarer now knew that Danning held only two diamonds and these must include the king to justify his double, if not his opening bid. And West's case seemed hopeless. If he exited by leading a high heart, declarer would trump and lead the jack of diamonds. If West took the jack with the king of diamonds, he would have to lead a low heart to North's jack and set up a finesse of East's diamond queen or lead his low diamond and finesse his own partner. Nor would it help the defense any if West passed up the first diamond lead and let East win it with the queen. Declarer's next diamond play would be the ace, dropping West's king.

But declarer's cards could also now be counted by the colonel. He knew that South must have started with seven spades, four diamonds and two singletons. As a result, West was able to figure out the only possible defense. Can you see it?

After capturing the heart queen, instead of leading a high heart, West led a low one. This made dummy the gift of a heart trick—and made declarer the gift of a useless diamond discard. Thus astute Colonel Danning had escaped the trap by springing it too soon for declarer to gain an advantage. West could now afford to win either the first or second diamond trick with the king and get out by leading a high heart. Forced to trump the high heart in his hand, declarer would have to lose another diamond trick—and his contract.

EXTRA TRICK

Notice that it was East's quick shuffling of two hearts that enabled both the colonel and declarer to count the distribution. If you think it will help partner if you reveal your distribution, do it.

END

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**Four Russian masters evolve a
devious plan to keep on top of
the world's biggest chess event**

Four Russian chess masters, operating on the strategic ruse of Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies, have discovered a way of boosting themselves to the top of the standings of one of the world's most important chess competitions. They simply don't beat each other. These Russians are four of the eight contenders in the Candidates' Tournament, the last step before the world championship itself. It is traditionally the longest (two months), hardest and most bitterly fought-out event in chess. The four Russians are comfortably in the lead at the moment and show every intention of remaining there. Their scheme has not only kept them ahead of their foreign opposition, it is helping them defeat one of their own countrymen as well.

The Candidates' is a grueling round-robin affair, in which every contestant plays every other contestant four times. The four Russians have softened its rigors by not trying to win when they meet each other. They draw. They have been playing at Curaçao now for nearly a month, and every game they have played has been drawn—every game they have played against each other, that is. When they face any luckless contender who is not a member of their happy quartet they try their best.

Thus, they play to win when they meet

Bobby Fischer, the 19-year-old American prodigy (and occasionally succeed), and all four experience a mighty revival of their competitive fervor when they come up against Pol Benko, the other U.S. contender, a Hungarian refugee who won an American chess championship last year. And the four Russians show just as much competitive ardor in thoroughly rooking the other member of the Russian contingent, ex-World Champion Mikhail Tal, and the remaining Iron Curtain candidate, Dr. Miroslav Filip of Czechoslovakia.

The shock of this amoral if not illegal strategy to the world of chess has been considerable. Spectators at the tournament in the big, pink Hotel Curaçao Intercontinental have taken to wandering away from the tournament scene to watch the gambling in the Casino. Correspondents following the brief newspaper accounts have been writing angry letters denouncing the Russians for collusion. "The implication is that they may not be putting forth their best efforts against each other," wrote Hermann Helms, the dean of American chess critics, adding politely, "for reasons best known to themselves."

The shock is all the greater because all previous Candidates' Tournaments—there have been four since 1950—have been bitterly contested, with a minimum of grandmaster draws. Curaçao was expected to be a particularly hard-fought event, because the two pretournament favorites, Tal and Fischer, had vital stakes in it. Tal, who won the 1959 Candidates' decisively—"by originality of thought, brilliance in combination, steadiness under pressure, lightning speed in calculation," said the tournament director—went on to win the world title from Mikhail Botvinnik. He was crushed by Botvinnik in their return match and played erratically thereafter. But nobody knew how badly he had been beaten, and his comeback try at Curaçao made the occasion dramatic.

As for Bobby Fischer, the local press reported that he arrived in Curaçao wearing a green corduroy suit, hand-tailored shirt, handmade shoes and Panama hat and "immediately went into seclusion." In the 1959 tournament that Tal won Bobby finished in fifth place. That was a spectacular achievement for a 16-year-old playing in his first Candidates'.

In the intervening three years Bobby has won most of the events that he has entered. Last fall at Bled in Yugoslavia he did not lose a game, though finishing



PETROSIAN PLAYS FOR TIE AFTER TIE

second to Tal; in Stockholm this spring he was undefeated and decisively beat most of the contenders he now faces in Curaçao. The momentum of Fischer's victories and the superb quality of his recent games indicated that he had a real chance at the world title.

Scared Russians

In any event it was obvious that Bobby Fischer posed a threat to Russian domination of the game. "They're afraid of him," said Larry Evans, the U.S. champion, in the simplest and most logical explanation of Russian tactics and strategy.

The shape of things to come was indicated in the first round, when Efim Geller, a 37-year-old economist and former champion of the Soviet Union, drew his game with Victor Korchnoi, who was previously famous for playing desperately to win—"balancing on the edge of disaster," as Tal described it. In the second round Korchnoi met Tigran Petrosian, a methodical and unimpassioned Russian master. Korchnoi and Petrosian also drew. In the third round Tigran Petrosian met Efim Geller, while Korchnoi was playing the fourth member of the Russian quartet, Paul Keres. All four drew. In the fourth round Keres played Petrosian, and that game was quickly drawn. In the fifth round Keres and Geller just as quickly agreed to a draw. So

it went, on and on, as the Russians piled up their scores by getting half points for draws. (A win is worth a full point, a loss nothing.) Geller and Petrosian drew one game in 18 moves, Petrosian and Keres drew one in 21 moves, and in the 12th round Keres and Geller shook hands and called it a draw after 18.

Meanwhile, the other contenders were belaboring each other and trying to win every game. Fischer, for example, was losing a couple, winning a couple, drawing one and having a tough time. He beat Tal, Kornehn, Keres, Pal Benko and Dr. Maroslay Filip. But he lost to Geller (twice), once to Kornehn, once to Benko and once to Petrosian. On a free night he went to a prizefight in Willemstad, the capital of Curaçao, was recognized, and was cheered to the rafters. "He's fighting," said a U.S. chess master who is a veteran of a good many long chess battles with the Russians.

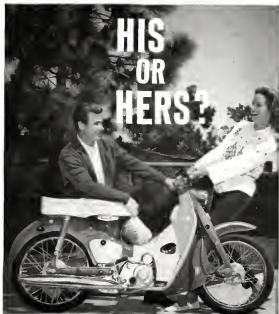
And the Russians weren't—at least four weren't fighting each other. When the tournament went into its five-day rest period after 14 of its 28 games, there were really two divisions in the standings:

	Won	Drawn	Lost
Petrosian	4	10	0
Geller	4	10	0
Keres	4	9	1
Kornehn	4	8	2

Obviously something would happen here if one of the four ran amuck and started playing to win instead of always drawing with his colleagues. One victory in such an event could jump a man to the top. But such a display of free enterprise isn't likely. On the other hand, the lower half of the standing looked like this:

	Won	Drawn	Lost
Fischer	5	4	5
Benko	3	6	5
Tal	3	3	8
Filip	2	4	8

It might be expected that some afternoon one Russian expert would be a little more, or a little less, equal than the others. But in Curaçao such is not the case. This condition of absolute equality has never been encountered in chess before. In fact, it has never been known in nature either. If it blows up in the next half, and the four top Russians begin to knock each other off instead of drawing all their games, chess players the world over will experience no emotion except relief. But the best guess is that the four Russians have already done the Red equivalent of drawing straws for the right to take on Champion Botvinnik. **END**



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RACE IN THE WEST

continued from page 16

fine baseball establishment," he told a group of Los Angeles reporters. Then he giggled. "Now won't that make a nice headline?" He spread his hands to indicate the size. "Yes," he said, "capacity-wise, it's marvelous."

Another reminder of Mays's age—he is 31—was the announcement by Manager Darr that he would rest Willie from time to time. Mays, who once felt like playing a full season nonstop, agreed with pleasure. "Oh, I can use some rest, no doubt," he said. "I can feel it down here." He pointed to his legs. Last week Darr gave him a day off against the Phillies. The Giants lost. The next day Mays was back and hit two home runs. The Giants won.

Good as Mays and the rest of the Giants have been, there is every reason to suspect that they are playing over their heads. Billy Pierce, for instance, will not finish the season 28-0, but that is the pace he is setting. Nor are Juan Marichal and Billy O'Dell likely to maintain their win-

ning percentages, skilled as they both are. True, Mike McCormick could help out if his arm comes around, but there is still some doubt about that. The infielders have already begun to slump from their early-season highs. "An adjustment," said a Giant official. A "period of hitlessness," said a reporter. Even Mays and Cepeda have been better than they figured to be (although Willie's batting average is barely .300) unless each is going to wind up with 60 home runs and 200 RBIs.

But the biggest obstacle in the path of a Giant pennant is not the Giants themselves but the Dodgers, that hated and feared rival to the south. The Dodgers, too, have pitching: Sandy Koufax, Johnny Podres, Don Drysdale, et al. But what they have the most of is speed—the kind of speed that keeps opposing pitchers in a constant state of anxiety. Maury Wills had 23 stolen bases in 26 attempts, including one string of 18 in a row. Willie Davis automatically converts doubles into triples with the same easy strides he uses to knock off the 100-yard dash in 9.5 seconds. The other Davis, Tommy,

is not only fast, he is powerful. The Giants got a full dose of him in two games last week, both won by the Dodgers with assists from Tommy's two doubles and two home runs. The Dodgers are old Giant killers, and the people of San Francisco worry about them all the time. When the Giants started with a rush, the fans were unhappy because the Dodgers were also doing well. When the St. Louis Cardinals beat the Dodgers three times, there was rejoicing in San Francisco, though the Cardinals were in second place and gaining on the Giants. And when word arrived up north that Dodger Pitcher Podres had hurt his arm (it turned out he hadn't), people in San Francisco celebrated.

If that sounds callous, remember that Giant fans have endured a lot of pain themselves. Sitting in the stands in their parkas, blankets, scarves and gloves, they have learned to accept the adversity of discomfort. What they may find impossible to accept, but what history and poetry show they had better prepare for, is another Giant failure and another pennant in Los Angeles.

END

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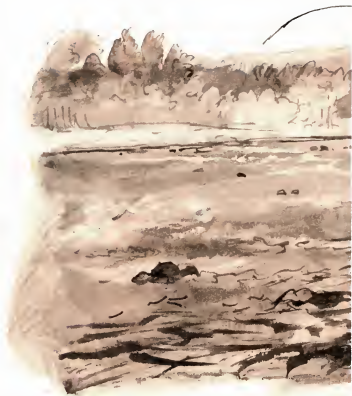
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A RIVER OF WHISKY—AND SALMON, TOO

by PAUL HYDE BONNER

Though the river's valley is sometimes called Speyside, it is far more often referred to as Strathspey, the prefix "strath" being the Gaelic word for a broad valley beside a river. By any name it is the heart of the Highlands, with a long history of clan wars and resistance to anglicization. Originally the territory of the Comyns, MacAlpines and MacKenzies, it is today, and has been for over 200 years, the center of the Grant and Gordon clans. From Grantown upstream as far as Kingussie and downstream to Aberlour the valley is crawling with Grants. Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, the author of that delightful classic, *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*, tells of all the Grants she grew up with in Strathspey during the



early years of the 19th century. In those days the economy of the valley was based on timber, and her father, Sir John Peter Grant, whom she describes as "descended not very remotely from" the chief of the Clan Grant, owned the extensive forests of Rothiemurchus. His house was the Doune, which still stands on the east bank of the Spey, near the burn that flows from Loch-an-Eilean into the river. It was the loch, dominated by the ruins of the island castle of Red Comyn, that was the playground for Elizabeth and her brothers and sisters and cousins, the place where they rowed and picnicked while Napoleon was rampaging through central Europe. Aside from the fact that Loch-an-Eilean is now a public park in which

thousands of holidaymakers row and picnic, its aspect has not changed much. It is still surrounded by stately woods of Scotch pine and birch which, with its background of the high Cairngorm Mountains, give it a wild and ancient look. The northern bastion of the Grampian range, the Cairngorms rise above the royal castle of Balmoral, which lies on their southern slope in the valley of the Dee. Cairngorm is also the name of a tea-colored semiprecious stone that adorns the jewelry of the Highland costume—the plaid brooch, the handle of the skean dhu, the top of the dirk--and I have always taken it for granted (perhaps erroneously) that it is so called because it is found in these mountains.

continued



The River Spey starts in tiny Loch Spey in the Lochaber Highlands of Inverness-shire and flows due east through the mountains to Laggan Bridge, where it is crossed by the highway that runs from Inverness to Fort William. At this point it has become a proper river, which turns northeast, gaining power and volume as it winds its way past the towns of Kingussie, Kincaig, Aviemore and Grantown while taking on the added importance of becoming the borderline between Moray and Banffshire. From Grantown to Speymouth on the Moray Firth, a distance of some 40 miles, it is esteemed and revered as one of the great salmon rivers of the world. The names

of the beats along this stretch of water are engraved on the minds of every true salmon fisherman—Castle Grant, Tulchan, Ballindalloch, Pitchroy, Knockando, Carron, Laggan, the Elchies (West-er and Easter), Arndilly, Delfur, Orton and Gordon Castle. Each one of them is renowned, and for good cause, for there is not one of them that has not many good holding pools, where the salmon, fresh from the sea, are content to stay for a while before moving on to the higher spawning grounds. From February through June fishermen come from remote corners of the world to wade these waters with a 14-foot double-handled rod, some as guests of the

owner of a reach, some as members of a syndicate that has leased some water and others as guests of one of the Spey hotels that is able to provide fishing.

The renting of one of these famous waters comes high during the spring run; that is, high if you keep or give away all your fish. One well-known reach, for example, which is one of the finest on the river, is the property of a large corporation that bought it recently as a capital investment. The owners demand and get a rental of around \$2,240 for a fortnight, but as the water will accommodate six rods, it is usually taken by a syndicate, each member putting up his sixth, or \$373.33. However, Colonel



Forteach, Superintendent of the Spey District Board, told me that to his knowledge it had rarely cost the syndicate members a penny, as they had been able to sell enough salmon to pay for the rent. If one assumes an average weight of 10 pounds per salmon (modest for the Spey) and an average price of 9 shillings a pound, it figures that each man in the group killed at least 30 salmon during his two weeks of fishing.

It is in the economics that the sport of salmon fishing differs so between North America and the British Isles. In the U.S. we are shocked by the idea of selling our catch. Here a fisherman who is lucky enough to beg, borrow, rent or

buy a rod on one of the great rivers of Quebec or New Brunswick will ship those salmon that he cannot eat to his friends at home, packed in ice and at great expense, thus adding considerably to the cost of his sport. The English and the Scots, to my mind, take a more sensible attitude toward their catch. They keep what they need for their table and sell the rest, thus reducing the cost of their sport, while giving the public the opportunity of buying freshly killed salmon in the neighborhood market. To be sure, there are lairds who are rich enough to give away their excess fish, but the one who did would be scored as a cheap exhibitionist trying to pose as

Lord Bountiful, and his fellow sportsmen would denounce him with indignation. For he would be spoiling the game for thousands of lairds and lessors of rods who rely on the income from the sale of fish to enable them to enjoy their sport.

We Americans, I am sorry to say, have eagerly embraced the freezer as a means of hoarding our game, so that we can proudly serve wild duck in June and spring salmon in November. Having been forced to eat the frozen article on many an occasion, I can state with conviction that the British dietum (European as well) that game should be eaten in season, fresh and unfrozen, defies contradiction. The same is true of fish; there is no comparison in flavor between fresh and frozen salmon. If you fancy the latter, it would be easier and far cheaper to buy salmon in cans; the taste is about the same. Because freezing is looked upon abroad as the ruination of all gamefish, it is a further argument for the practice of selling all that cannot be immediately used.

The Spey is no river for the tyro. Most of its best waters, those from Grantown to the Moray Firth, are difficult even for the practiced angler, for the banks are apt to be steep and wooded, a fact that created the necessity for inventing the Spey cast. The trees and the terrain are, however, mild hazards compared to the riverbed, which, for the most part, is an uneven jumble of big boulders with slimy sides. It is a big, fast, powerful river—one that requires a stout wading stick of its best and most experienced fishermen.

For the newcomer a gillie is indispensable. You will need him there on the bank, signaling to you which way to move at every step in order to avoid deep holes and disaster. The Spey has a long, dark record of drowned fishermen, many of whom were old hands and all of whom were without a gillie. When I said that the gillie would signal, I meant just that; with a motion of his hands, for the roar of the river is so loud that you could not hear his advice if he screamed. Besides, if you are like me, you can barely understand his burr

continued

Drawings by Nicholas Schwing

if he talked to you in a quiet room. But the moment of your greatest need for a gillie is when a salmon takes your fly and starts his first run. There you are, up to your middle in a rushing torrent, leaning against the current to keep your precarious balance, using both hands to keep the rod erect against the tugging of the heavy fish. One wrong step and you might come up for air half a mile downstream without rod or fish. Or you might not. It is at the moment of hooking a fish that you feel, with fervent relief, his strong hand on your arm, ready to guide you to the bank, where there is a good chance to fight the salmon on equal terms. And when the moment comes to net or gaff the fish, you will need a gillie to do it for you on this mighty river.

There is another Spey gambit that

requires a gillie, though I have heard of men who have done it alone. It is a boat maneuver, necessary at certain pools where the lie is out of casting distance from the bank or the wadable water. The boats used are sturdy, wide affairs with flat bottoms, and they ride the rapids steadily enough to enable one to stand while casting. Just short of the broad stern there are posts rising from both gunwales. Around these posts a stout anchor rope is coiled in a series of figure-eight loops. The gillie rows you to the top of the pool, which is usually a fast run down the center of the river. Then he throws out a heavy claw anchor which soon gets a firm grip on one of the boulders of the riverbed. The fisherman, standing in the bow, proceeds to float his greased line over the lie, and after

every second cast the gillie frees a loop from one of the posts, thus lowering the boat down the pool about a yard at a time. As there are at least 100 yards of rope, the entire length of the pool can be meticulously covered. Strangely enough, the boat does not appear to disturb the fish. I have seen them show and roll alongside the boat and thus infuriating at spots astern where I had floated a fly only a few moments before.

Sandy Milne, the head gillie on Knockando Water, had another method of boat handling which was most frightening to watch. When he had rowed to position at the top of the pool, he climbed over the stern in his armpit waders and, with the swift rushing water above his waist, walked the boat down the pool, letting me take two casts between each

continued

SPEY RIVER TRAVEL FACTS

In Scotland there are about 180 rivers and 50 lochs where salmon can be found. Almost every yard of lakefront or riverbank where the fishing is good is privately owned and very hard to get at. Buying your own salmon boat can cost upward of \$56,000 a mile on the best rivers. And the only other access to most of these private waters is to rent a boat or somehow make friends with the owner.

But the Spey is different. Though it is one of Scotland's most celebrated rivers, it is also one of the most accessible. If you live or lodge in Grantown you can have the freedom of several miles of the river for \$2.80 a week (\$1.40 for trout only). But the best idea, to get a combination of good fishing and relative privacy, is to stay at one of the many hotels along the river; most of these have boats available to their guests.

WHEN TO GO. The fishing season on the Spey runs February 11 to September 30. As on most of the other Scottish rivers, the very best time is April or May. But in the deep, strong waters of the Spey the fishing holds good throughout the summer. Rods and reels can be rented at most local tackle shops for \$5 to \$6 a week.

GETTING THERE. From London the most comfortable way to go is by night train. The Royal Highlander leaves London at 6:40 p.m., arrives at Aviemore in the Spey Valley at 7:28 a.m., where you change for Grantown. Sunday night's train leaves at 7 p.m., arriving at Grantown at 9:36 a.m. There are sleepers and dining cars.

STAYING THERE. In the 40 miles from Grantown to Speymouth there are many hotels that cater to fishermen. Of these, one of the most attractive is the Ben Mhor in Grantown, a hotel with 27 beds, tartan carpets and a new wing with six rooms, all with baths. Dining room specialties in such Scottish dishes as haggis. There is also a cocktail bar. American plan is \$35 to \$42 per week.

The hotel's private boat is an eight-minute walk away.

The Grant Arms in Grantown is 200 years old, has 60 bedrooms, some furnished with antiques. And, if you care about that sort of thing, Queen Victoria slept there. American plan rates are \$45.50 to \$52.50 per week. Some private baths are available for \$1 per day extra.

The Craigellachie Hotel, Craigellachie, Banffshire, where the author stayed, is a gabled building only 200 yards from the Spey. It has 26 rooms, only two with private bath, good, plain cooking and a 2½-mile boat on the Spey. American plan rates are \$38 to \$44 per week, with fishing charges at \$29.40 per week or \$5.60 per day. The Glen Hotel in Rothes, Morayshire is under the same ownership as the Craigellachie. Formerly a country mansion, it has Scottish baronial turrets and gables, luxurious furnishings, excellent food and wines. Its rates are \$40 per week, American plan, \$1.40 per day extra for private bath. Guests use Craigellachie boat. All hotels pack lunches for fishermen; and most of them will help you sell those fish you don't want to keep, although a few of the ones stipulate that a guest must surrender every other fish to the management as a kind of bonus room rent.

If you prefer to try any of the other rivers, an excellent guide to hotels and fishing water is a publication put out by the Scottish Tourist Board called *Scotland for Fishing*. It can be obtained by mail for \$1 from the board at 2 Rutland Place, West End, Edinburgh 1, Scotland.

Wherever you stay, hire a gillie; he will cost only about \$25 a week. By all means bring a waterproof coat—it rains. And when you come home, it would be downright sinful not to bring back a duty-free gallon of one of the local malts (Glen Grant and Glenlivet are superb examples), together with a few of your own salmon, which your hotel will arrange to have smoked.



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GOODYEAR
TRUCK TIRES

stride on the perilous bottom. His method had one advantage over the looped rope; he could hold the boat at precisely the correct spot for the length of my cast.

I imagine that it is the strength and swiftness of the water that makes the Spey salmon such grand fighters. They are broad, heavy fish, built to battle the current, and this power of muscle serves them well when they feel a hook in the jaw. On one beautiful, cloudless day in August I was fishing the Bridge Pool on Craigellachie Water. The bridge carries the main road from Dufftown to Elgin and on an August Saturday is crowded with holiday cars, trailers and buses. As the road takes a sharp right-angle turn on the side of a steep cliff when it leaves the bridge on the Easter Elchies bank, all traffic is slowed; in fact, most buses have to back and fill before they can make the turn. I was not concerned with the traffic, however. My entire attention was directed to a large salmon that was rolling and porpoising at the bottom of the pool, almost but not quite under the bridge.

Though I was impatient to get my fly over him, I nevertheless steeled myself to fish the pool down properly, a step at a time, knowing full well that he would still be there when I reached his lie. I was wading knee-deep along a shallow bar, while Campbell, my gillie, sat on the shore with the water bailiff, who was always about on a Saturday looking for poachers. That pair had been the ones to apprise me of the presence of the big salmon, having called the news when I was fishing the fast water at the top of the pool. The bailiff had added that he had observed the fish for two days and that he would weigh over 20 pounds. Another fisherman, he said, had had him on the evening before but lost him when the leader broke on the first leap. I prayed that he was one of those rare salmon that will keep on grabbing at artificial lures even though the hook of the last one is still stuck in his jawbone. (A few years ago one was caught in the Ballynahinch in Connemara that had three flies and a spoon fessooning his lip, and one of the flies had been mine.)

On the cast that finally reached the salmon's resting place my prayers were

continued





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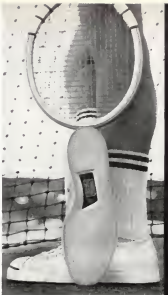
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AND SALMON, TOO continued

answered. He took my fly boldly and
started swimming with it up the deep
current. The moment it happened, keen-
eyed old Campbell jumped to his feet
and came to join me. I, holding the rod
butt flat against my chest, stepped slowly
backward to join him. The salmon
continued upstream. "He's on a level
with you now," Campbell remarked.
This surprised me, as the part of my
line above the water was still extended
downstream. Then the line slackened
and I reeled in. The fish had reversed
and was swimming slowly downstream;



luckily the line was still far from taut
when he took his first leap. The silver
sight of him was awesome and my gasp
of amazement seemed to echo back to
me from the cliff across the river. "Aaah!
They'll be bringin' us bad luck," I heard
Campbell grumble behind me. "What?
What's wrong?" I asked breathlessly.
"The audience," he growled. For an instant
I took my eyes from the pool and
glanced at the bridge. All the cars on the
bridge had stopped and the holiday-
makers were lined along the railing.

I could not share Campbell's irritation,
nor did I attempt so. It is not often
that one has an audience of 50 or more
persons witnessing one's triumph on a
salmon stream, and I was prepared to
give them a good show. I felt no qualms

about the outcome. I could tell by the way he pulled that the salmon was solidly hooked. It was solely a question of time, of patience, of wearing him out with a steady, continuous pressure. At that point in my ruminations the salmon decided to rush downstream, under the audience, under the bridge. Had he continued on downstream, he would have taken my line and backing with him, for there was no way to follow, the water beyond the bridge being too deep to wade. Fortunately he stopped when all my line was out and about



15 yards of black silk backing hung above the water. I tried to reel in, but he held his position as solidly as a rock.

"Walk him back," Campbell advised. For some reason carrying the rod away from the fish seems to exert less strain on the hook than reeling, and the force is so gentle that the fish does not try to fight against it. Slowly, step by step, I backed up along the bar until I had gotten the fish back to the spot where it had first taken the fly. Then I lowered the rod and moved rapidly forward, retrieving the line on the reel. The audience, which had stood spellbound for 20 minutes, now showed its approval of my tactics with a round of applause.

No sooner had the clapping ceased than the salmon decided to show who

continued

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AND SALMON, TOO

the real hero was. He made a sudden and violent dash up into the current—and then the line went dead! My rod was no longer bent, the line was sagging from its tip. The audience let out a deep groan of disappointment. My groan, punctuated by obscenities, was the equal of their combined effort. Campbell shook his head in sorrow. He flinched it entirely on the crowd, and was now more convinced than ever that an audience brought bad luck to a fisherman.

When I reeled in my line I was surprised to see my fly still on. I had assumed that the leader had parted in the final dash of that powerful fish. But the true solution was disclosed when the fly was lying on the palm of my hand. The iron had broken just above the barb. That was the first and only time I have lost a fish of any species because of faulty metal. I felt an urge to call to the crowd and explain the cause of my defeat, like a masquerade whose sword had snapped on the thrust that was meant to kill. But the crowd was no longer there. Traffic was moving again, and I was left with Campbell to nurse my chagrin.

That evening as I strolled back to the Craigellachie Hotel, where I put up for 10 days in great comfort, I was able to take my mind off the lost fish long enough to note an extraordinary number of tall factory chimneys poking above the trees in every glen. On arrival at the hotel, one of the first questions that I put to Miss McNab, the manageress, was about the nature of these factories. She beamed with pride. They were all, every last one, whisky distilleries. She explained to me that the waters of the burns that feed the Spey and other rivers are responsible for the unique flavor of Scotland's highest export. The whiskies from no two glens are the same. The local product is called malt whisky and a great many rural Scots among them distillery workers—would not think of drinking anything else. We would call it straight whisky, and it is as different in taste from the blends as Clos de Vougeot is from Napa Valley red. It takes a little knowing, but once on a first-name basis it is a faithful friend.

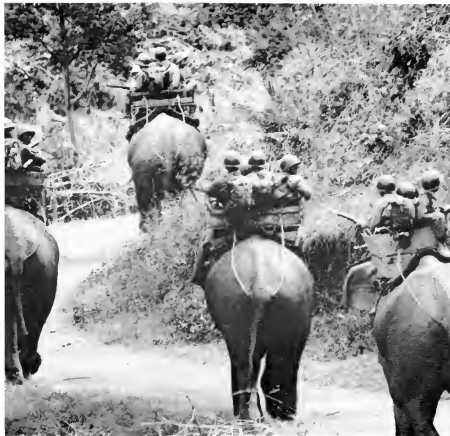
The art of blending these different whiskies in order to arrive at a taste

that can be maintained and sold under a label is practiced in Leith and Glasgow. It is to these blenders of advertised brands that the distillers in the glens sell most of their whisky. Not all of it, however, reaches the blenders.

Elizabeth Grant has a good deal to say about the whisky of Strathpey in *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*. In the days she wrote about, which were the first 30 years of the 19th century, whisky was as important as bread to every house and cottage. In her chapter of the year 1812 she writes: "The whisky was a bad habit, there was certainly too much of it going. At every house it was offered, at every house it must be tasted or offence would be given, so we were taught to believe I am sure now that had we steadily refused compliance with so incorrect a custom it would have been far better for ourselves, and might all the sooner have put a stop to so pernicious a habit among the people. Whisky-drinking was and is the bane of that country; from early morning till late at night it went on. Decent gentlemen began the day with a dram. In our house the bottle of whisky, with its accompaniment of a silver salver full of small glasses, was placed on the side-table with cold meat every morning. In the pantry a bottle of whisky was the allowance per day, with bread and cheese in any required quantity, for such messengers or visitors whose errands sent them in that direction. The very poorest cottages could offer whisky; all the men engaged in the wood manufacture drank it in goblets three times a day, yet except at a merry-making we never saw any one tipsy." The local malt is still consumed, but I, too, saw few signs of intoxication while I was there.

The morning following my defeat at the bridge I made my first serious attempt to learn the Spey cast, an awkward but highly effective technique used by all the local fishermen, gillies and lads in launching their flies for a salmon. This cast developed, as I have noted, from the need to get the line straight out across the stream without snagging the hook in the high trees and clifflike banks

continued



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AND SALMON, TOO

that line most of the river. One stands with both feet parallel to the bank, holding the rod horizontally over the water, pointing three-quarters downstream and letting the fly drift down as far as it will go. The cast begins from this position and is performed in waltz time, counting one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three for each of the three periods of motion. On the first period you raise the rod until the lower hand is on a level with your chin and all the line, save the leader, is clear of the water. In the second period you swing your body and rod vigorously upstream, carrying the rod in a rising curve above you, thus dragging the fly through the water until it is slightly above you. For the third period you continue the swing up and over your upstream shoulder, making the forward cast nearly over your head, arcing high and with a follow-through that ends with your rod pointing straight at the opposite bank. If you do it correctly, your line and fly should shoot out in the air and hit the water in the direction of your aim. It looks easy when you watch Sandy Milne of Knockando or John Smith of Carron Water accomplish it with perfect grace and timing; but take my word that describing it is easier than doing it.

While fishing the Spey I had the good fortune to meet the superintendent of the Spey District Board, Lieutenant Colonel G. M. Forteaith, late of the Seaforth Highlanders and at present supervisor of all the river bailiffs. It is difficult to imagine a better man for the post. Combined with his ability to organize and command, he has a deep knowledge and love of nature, a passion for his Highlands and a devotion to the sport of fly-fishing. He is constantly on the go, inspecting a hundred miles of river, checking the operation of the commercial nets at Speymouth, consulting the various landowners and keeping an eye on his bailiffs, most of whom are overfond of their malt. But his arduous duties are no bore to him. His only complaint is that the district board will not give him the necessary funds to establish a bio-

logical laboratory, where he could do research on the life cycle of the salmon which inhabit his river.

The colonel's house, which is called Cragganapey, is perched on the top of a hill and commands a sweeping view of the river from Wester Elchies to Delfor Water. On Sunday (fishing on the Sabbath is forbidden in Scotland) he took me on a sightseeing drive up river, with a hearty picnic tea on the shore of Loch-an-Eilean. It was there, as we gorged on cakes and scones while gazing at the island castle of Red Comyn, that he urged me to read *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*. On the way home we passed a brand-new, castlelike building of granite, very imposing and magnificent, which he told me was the Spey distillery of Schenley's. It gave me a tangle of pride to know that countrymen of mine had been clever enough to tap the waters of Strathspey for their own flavor of malt whisky. I sincerely hope that they will give us a chance to buy some of it, unblended, on this side of the Atlantic. If not, I can only say that I have already sampled my fair share, thanks largely to Mr. Charles Morrison, who is the proprietor of a tackle shop at 95 High Street in Aberdeen. The sign over the shop says "J.A.J. Munro," but that worthy man died a few years ago, and the Morrison brothers, who have a boot and shoe shop next door, acquired the fishing tackle business from his estate. Not only does Mr. Charles (he is the brother who looks after the tackle shop) employ an expert flytier, but he knows when and if a day's fishing might be had on some private water and where to locate a gillie. Mr. Morrison is, in sum, the director of intelligence for Spey fishing. He is the first to know when fresh fish appear, where they are lying, what fly they are taking and if the water is right to put them in a hungry mood. And if the salmon are not in a hungry mood, or if a heavy one should break your tackle in full view of a critical audience at the bridge pool, he can usually arrange a comforting visit to one of the nearby distilleries, where samples of the product are given away in sufficient quantity to soothe the pride of the most thoroughly beaten angler.

END

Wonderful Four-horse Olds

In 1902 an automobile trip of just 40 miles into fishing country was an unpredictable venture for hardy souls only

by WALT SIBLEY

An expedition proposed by my Uncle Jeff was pretty sure to be high adventure, though it didn't always turn out happily for all concerned. He had the spirit of a Magellan, but his neck was too long and he stuck it out too often.

A succession of mishaps over the years had left him undaunted and eager for any new experience, and it was only natural that when my father bought a little four-horsepower Oldsmobile Uncle Jeff should urge a trek into the hinterland. None of this sissy stuff, riding up and down on South Bend's pavements; get out and see something of the country. There was a wonderful place to camp on Lake Michigan, just above Benton Harbor, known as Double-L Gap, and the yellow perch would bite like crazy. He'd

been there the year before, a tough two-day trip, by horse and buggy for the 40 miles.

"If one horse can do it in two days, by simple arithmetic four horses should do it in half a day," Uncle Jeff pointed out. The car's single cylinder was supposed to be rated at four-and-a-half horsepower. "That extra half will give you a reserve for the hills," he added, persuasively. Father was a bit on the conservative side but, proud of his new car and anxious to prove its ability, he consented to the expedition. I was plumb ecstatic to be included.

Sixty years ago (it was in the spring of 1902) a camping trip required a lot more duffel than in this day of light and compact equipment. We took a bulky wall tent of heavy canvas, tent poles and

continued



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Four-horse Olds

stakes, three blankets, a roll of mosquito netting, water bucket, two barn lanterns, a bull's-eye hand lamp, a gallon can of kerosene, assorted groceries, plus a shovel, ax, coil of rope and a collection of wrenches, pliers, nuts, bolts and spare parts in a canvas bag. There were also a cigar box full of worms and three bamboo poles. And, of course, a hammock, for no camping trip was complete without one.

Father had made two neat iceboxes to hang on the arms of the dos-a-dos seat. They were insulated with sheet cork and lined with tin, and had a grille in the bottom and a drain tube. We were up at dawn loading our cargo. The fish poles were lashed to some of the handles on the left side; in fact, everything was tied to everything else, and if one package started to come loose there probably would be an avalanche of all the others. When the last item was aboard I could just see over the things stacked beside me on the dos-a-dos seat.

On the way

At last the big moment arrived. Father flipped the switch, put his foot on the compression release, held the tiller with one hand and cranked at the side of the seat with the other. The good little engine took hold at once, and we were off amid the cheers of the neighbors and cries of "Don't come back without fish!"

"We'll bring you more'n you can eat," Uncle Jeff promised.

It was wonderful to be chugging along on that bright morning at double the speed of a fast horse and good fishing in prospect. After leaving the city pavement our cantilever springs humped pretty hard, but we were happy as long as the engine pulse was regular. All was well until we met up with Hardscrabble Hill just beyond Buchanan, an easy enough high-gear ascent today but a tough one then on account of the sand. Here Father pulled into low and unleashed our "half-horse reserve power." The engine responded manfully for a few yards but couldn't quite make it alone. So Uncle Jeff and I hopped off and pushed the rest of the way. We'd barely reached the top when the overheated engine backfired and steam billowed from underneath with the smell of hot oil. Bad news; water tank and filler cap were under the rear deck. Off came the luggage, the ice boxes, dos-a-dos seat and deck lid. Everything was sizzling. It was not



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surprising that the water boiled away after that long uphill grind, because the radiator was merely a dozen or so one-inch brass tubes installed flat under the footboards. There were no fins and no fan—just the passage of air at three miles an hour. It was a mile to the nearest horse trough, and you know who got the job.

Under way again we began looking for a place to lunch. The shade of a huge maple in front of a farmhouse tempted us, but across the road a horse tied to a post began to mill around and snort as we approached.

"Hold on a minute, Albert," Uncle Jeff cautioned, "let me get there first; I can handle her." And in fact, the animal did calm down as he stroked her neck. He motioned for Father to come ahead, when suddenly the horse reared back. She uprooted the post with Uncle Jeff still hanging on and high-tailed it down the road. They clanked together a few times until, luckily, the strap broke and man and post rolled in the dust.

Just as Uncle Jeff got to his feet a husky young farmer charged out of the house with what appeared to be a carving knife. Uncle Jeff jumped to the car as fast as he could and muttered, "Better skin outa here quick!"

But Father elected to stand his ground as the farmer, still chowing food, came up. Without so much as a glance at the departing mare he began, "Doggone, I've been waiting to see one of these here machines," pointing at this and that with the carving knife that turned out to be a table knife and asking all manner of questions.

"You mean to tell me there's four horsepower in that buggy?" he said, shaking his head dubiously. "Ain't safe. Supposing it gets out of control?"

It was slow progress in the afternoon; halting for many teams, a puncture (a trick to fix in a single-tube tire) and a slipping clutch.

Weary and gray, with dust from head to foot, we pulled in at camp site at sunset and took a quick dip in the lake before setting up the tent. After a cold supper we were too tired to do any fishing. We didn't sleep much, either, for in spite of net and swaddling, mosquitoes were terrific in that bosky dell.

"Dognabst," said Uncle Jeff as he slipped away, "I'm going to swing the hammock on those poles out away from the pesky bugs."

The poles Uncle Jeff referred to had been set out by commercial fishermen in

continued

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OUSTER AND GOGGLES WERE MODISH ATTIRE WHEN OUT FOR A SPIN IN THE 1901 OLDS

Four-horse Olds

a big rectangle some 200 yards from shore. They were spaced about 15 feet apart and supported nets that formed a trap for whitefish and lake trout.

Stripped to his long underwear, which he wore all year round, Uncle Jeff paddled out in a leaky old skiff he found pulled up on the beach. He tied the hammock to two of the poles, waved happily to us and stretched out comfortably for a night's sleep.

I envied him—till next morning. At dawn we were awakened by some explosive seagoing language. We pried out of the tent and beheld arms and legs thrashing from a hammock sagging in the water, the poles leaning more and more toward each other every time Uncle made a frantic lunge for the boat's painter, which was barely out of reach.

Finally, with a last supreme effort, he managed to grab the rope, but in doing so one foot went through the hammock. It was an old-fashioned kind, made of loose cords like a coarse fish net. The old skiff was half full of water, the wind was rising and Uncle Jeff was trapped with one leg in a hammock securely tied to a pair of poles which in turn were firmly driven into the bottom of Lake Michigan. The situation began to look so serious that Father swam out with a knife, cut our amphibious relative free and paddled him ashore in the half-

submerged skiff. Uncle Jeff was glumly noncommittal, and after getting into dry clothes he wandered off, muttering something about digging worms.

We had three blissful days of fishing; perch took the hook as soon as it hit the water, and there was no limit at that time, if I remember correctly. We were eager to get home and do a little bragging about this pioneer automobile trip. It was decided to ship all our equipment, except tools and fish, via freight from Benton Harbor. Uncle Jeff was to arrange for the shipping at the station while Father and I got gasoline at a nearby grocery.

Traveling light and without untoward incident, except for an occasional fractious horse, we made the return trip in a little under seven hours. As soon as they heard the chugging of our engine several fish-hungry neighbors rushed out.

"Show us all those fine fish you promised," they shouted.

"Hold your horses—got enough for everybody," replied Uncle Jeff generously as they crowded around. "Lemme see, now—who's first?" as he raised the lid of the icebox. There was an indignant howl. The box contained a few half-filled jars of jams and pickles, some soiled shirts and socks. Its twin, in which the fish were packed, would arrive—iceless—about a week later. The South Bend freight agent was not going to be very happy to receive it.

END



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A roundup of the sports information of the week

GOOP—CLIFFORD ANN CREED, 23, a 100-pound Alexandria La. schoolteacher who is nursing out her pregnancy, was the first woman to be a lightweight fly. Arnold Palmer, won the Southern Women's Amateur title in Richmond, Va., last eighth tournament victory of the season. Mrs. Creed won the first four holes of the first state match, but she failed to hole out on the 18th. Mary Beal, 36, of Greensboro, N.C. With a third Mrs. Beal, hitting two traps on six of the five nine morning holes. Mrs. Creed marched to a strong 6-4 win. Five years ago she also defeated Mrs. Kern in the final of the same tournament.

RUTH JESSEN of Seattle won a sudden-death play-off to take the \$18,000 Dallas Women's Civitan Open. She parred the second extra hole as Mary Lena Faulk first missed a birdie putt and then ended up with a bogey.

SPRINKLE RACING—CADZIE (528,891), a 6-year-old New Zealand colt bought for \$160,000 less than a year ago by an Oakland, Calif. trainer, pushed through favorite, Pines 4 and Older Terms to capture the \$100,000 Hialeah Handicap at Hialeah Park last week. Under Willie Harrison, who has been more successful in the stakes races during the spring meeting, Cadzie, a 12-4-1 shot, moved up fast from the middle of the pack at the half-mile pole and put on a powerful drive to win by 1 1/2 lengths. He also earned considerable respect for the newcomer, who has won three previous times on American tracks. Rex Ellsworth's Pines 4 was a length and a half back and every-mile Older Terms finished third in the

WYON SPARKS—PIEL HILL, California who was the 1961 winner of the world driving championship, teamed with Co-Driver Oliver Goodrich of Belgium to win the 1966 event at 22.5 sec at the touring grounds. The rugged 82.5 sec over the winding Ellet mountain track in a Ford, gave the Italian velle a third win and a sweep of the races so far that meant losing the world cup to the touring grounds. The rugged 82.5 sec over the winding Ellet mountain track in a Ford, gave the Italian velle a third win and a sweep of the races so far that meant losing the world cup to the touring grounds. The rugged 82.5 sec over the winding Ellet mountain track in a Ford, gave the Italian velle a third win and a sweep of the races so far that meant losing the world cup to the touring grounds.

News—UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON finished its regular season with a half-length spring victory over the University of British Columbia. The third-year crew, a regular, crossed the finish line in the middle of the rain-soaked day. The winning time for the 2,000-meter event was over Lake Washington was a respectable 6:52.8. Washington, the only undefeated away crew in the country, then became a western favorite to win the IRA championship regatta in November later this month.

PIUNSYLVANIA emerged as a surprising eastern candidate for the three-state IRA with an upset boat-race win over Cornell. Fighting off a strong Cornell challenge right down to the finish of a two-mile race over choppy Cayuga Lake, Penn won the Crawford-Madison Cup for the fourth straight year.

WASHINGTON-LEE H.S., Arlington Va., moved to its sixth straight national schoolboy title, sweeping the one-mile course on the Schuylkill River in 5:02.3, four seconds ahead of St. Joseph's of Buffalo, with Calver and a Military Academy third.

BACK & FELD: OREGON'S KEITH FORMAN became the 11th American to run a mile under four minutes, and literally a second later U.S. Marine Lieutenant Cary Wiegner joined him at that prestigious class as they finished first and second at the California Ritters in Modesto. Forman, a slender, 71-year-old runner from Portland who has been out-of-shape all season, his teammate, Deyl McGinnis, broke the lead on his lap by 1.5 seconds, a blazing last lap of 35.7 to his; the other in 3:56.3. Wiegner finished behind him in 3:59. Favored Jim Gault dropped out on the last lap after his pacer, Lualaba Tabor, was unable to keep up.

with Formica. Burmesea did not compete. The pole vault proved a disappointment when John Ulicki, injured in his left ankle, took a miss at 16 feet, and Morris and Dave Lock couldn't make it over 15 feet. The U.S. team was out of competition for two weeks. Oregon pulled off a typical relay display with mixed medley of members. Hurdlers Mel Renfro, Mike Gaschler, Jerry Tarr and Spencer Harry Jensen. They equaled the world record for 440 yards (around two turns) in 49 seconds. Then, gathering another group from its veins

[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA fielded a physically superb team in the AAWU meet in Los Angeles, but managed to limp home ahead of UCLA by 5/8 points, with Rex Cowley setting two meet records and anchoring the winning mile relay team.

REPORTS—MARRIED BARRY MACKAY, 26, former Denver Cup player now owning the professional circuit, and Joanne Lynch, 23, pretty former model whom Mackay met in 1957 on his honeymoon, were married last month in a ceremony at St. Lawrence, on Sydney.

DIED FORREST B. (Frosty) COIN, 55, ebullient football coach who was fired by Montana State University this spring after building at MSU a distinguished program in Missoula, from 4 to 25 wins in 1956-57, and 10 to 11 in 1957-58, was laid to rest Monday at 10 a.m. at St. Lawrence, after 18 years at Colorado.

MARRIED O'DELL PRESTON and BILL JOHNSON, Northwest Conference basketball officials, after handling season conference games ending the season at the University of Washington, were married last night at 6:30 p.m. at St. Lawrence, some 100 guests in attendance.

ADOPTED: A hotly argued resolution that bars soccer players from competing for any money but their own, 25-21, by the International Federation of Football Associations. The new rule, which will not affect this month's world championships in Santiago, Chile, is designed to stop the increasing sales of high-priced stars.

18-32—Lyne, Felton; Iowa Echo-Globe, week 20
—Rust by William Brewster 31—Lowe C. Zinner;
week 47—A.P., Tom C. Dillard 32—A.P. 49—Norm
Burlington, Barbara Beddoe; Springfield Times News,
A.P., Milwaukee Journal 70—Herb Schuster, A.P.



PAMELA ANN UESING, 12-year-old rider from Wince, Va., has won ribbon in every horse show she has entered. At 9 she won the state championship for three-gaited ponies. A victory two weeks ago in Kingsport, Tenn., earned her another first prize. See this



GENE A. HILL, a Madison Avenue copywriter who began shooting competitively two years ago when he was given a firearms account, turned up as a marksman in New York, that-



tering 192 targets out of 200 to become the national Class B amateur vinteur champion.



SUSAN FOURNIER, 20, of Merrimack College (Mass.), joined with her schoolmate brother Dick, 18, to sweep area doubles over male college opponents before losing to a Brandeis University duo that refused to be rattled by serving to a pretty blonde across the net.



TOM VEITENHAUS, 24, clipped almost 10 minutes off the record in winning the national

intercollegiate bicycle road race over a hilly 30-mile course at New Haven, Conn. The sophomore from Spencerian College of Milwaukee just beat Princeton's **Leaf Thorne-Thomson**.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

I scuffed pitching plus 400 hitting by Al Spangler enabled Houston to win five of eight and climb to seventh. Dick Farrell, pitching both as a reliever and starter, saved one game and won another. Jim Golden, a man with at least a gilded arm, beat the Mets and then shut out the Pirates. Ken Johnson shut out the Reds, then said, "I'm ticked pink." Birdie Tebbets, the Milwaukee manager, saw things a shade differently—red. His Braves lost four one-run games, giving them a 6-13 record in this category. On top of that the team had a long injury list. There was even trouble with the motorized tarpaulin at County Stadium, so it was dismantled. All experiments with it since 1957 had failed. Pittsburgh's Dromedary Oliver, who it seems has been experimenting with pitching since 1776, continued his line relief and cut his ERA to 1.20. Dick Groat was finally held hitless after a 15-game streak during which he hit .406. The Cubs suspected the Pirates were stealing signs from the scoreboard in Forbes Field. A check revealed that ElRoy Face was seated within. "Just having a smoke," Face said. New York pitchers also kept things lively in the scoreboard, which showed that they allowed 49 runs. Frank Thomas batted 438 and Richie Ashburn .462, but the pitching and travel difficulties hurt. The Mets did not arrive in Houston until 8 one morning. Then, tired and weary, they lost 3-2. Manager Gene Mauch of Philadelphia was also sick and tired after his club lost seven of eight. John Callison hit .375 and had eight RBIs last week. Since the return of Shortstop Ruben Amaro to the Army, however, the Phillies have lost 14 of 19 and gone down, down, down from fifth to eighth. Lou Klein, Chicago's lead coach of the moment, talked about going up, up, up. "If we get our pitching in order, there's no telling how high we'll go." Cub pitching was in better order and the team split eight games. Billy Williams hit .383 during a 12-game hitting streak. "He's like a cobra at the plate," Coach Charlie Metro said of Williams. Cincinnati Manager Freddie Hutchinson felt umpires were more like snakes in the game, told them so and was evicted. His Reds, though, won four of six arguments with other teams and happily greeted Gene Freese as he took batting practice for the first time since fracturing his ankle in spring training. An accommodating schedule permitted Joey Jay, Bob Purkey and Jim

O'Toole to start 30 of the first 37 games. Meanwhile, a watchful eye was being kept on Jim Maloney and Ken Hunt (together they won 15 games last year), who were in the minors perfecting their techniques and awaiting a call from the Reds. Los Angeles had its pitchers right at hand and got two five-hitters and then two four-hitters all in succession. Don Drysdale won his sixth game with a four-hitter, reminding batters of Dick Groat's words. "Busting against him is like keeping an appointment with your dentist." St. Louis Manager Johnny Keane would probably rather have had a tooth pulled than watch the way opponents hit homers at Busch Stadium. They have out-homered the Cardinals 33-17 there. Carl Sawatski was hitting .400 for the year and had one RBI for every three at bats. After two mild singles, Doug Clemens said, "If you can't blast 'em out, beat 'em out." Willie Mays of San Francisco had no trouble blasting 'em. He hit five home runs and Orlando Cepeda added three more.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

A tobacco farmer named Ray Moore won twice in relief, and Camilo Pascual, using a no-slip delivery this season, added another two wins as Minnesota hung on to third place. More than 300 Twins fans got so hopeful and excited that they ordered World Series tickets. New York, poked by most to be in the Series, was bested by injuries. Whitney Ford and Cleve Boyer joined



ROOKIE STANDOUTS were Larry Burright of Dodgers, who had a .329 BA, and Manny Jimenez of Athletics, who was batting .379.

Mickey Mantle on the sidelines, and Luis Arroyo was put on the disabled list. It was time, so it seemed, for the Yankees to collapse. Then Rookie Joe Pepitone and Phil Linz began hitting and fielding like Mantle and Royer. And Tex Clevenger, sent to the minors just a few days before, came back and pitched a bit like Arroyo. They did so well that the Yankees were still tied for first with the Indians. Detroit, playing its best half of the year, had its optimism shattered when Al Kalina suffered a broken collarbone. Jim Bunning was accused of using his belt buckle to scuff up baseballs while on the mound. It was Cleveland that really roughed up the balls, hitting homers in record quantity (28 in one nine-game span). Willie Kunkland called time so he could sweat some gains during one game. Another lively swinger was Manny Jimenez of Kansas City. In his native Dominican Republic he is called El Mulo because of his strength. Last week, though, Jimenez was mistaken for Chubby Checker by a group of teenagers, then went out and demonstrated his power by hitting five homers. That helped the Athletics split eight games and move within three games of seventh-place Chicago. Both Floyd Robinson and Luis Aparicio were benched because of light hitting. Washington seemed to be running in circles, losing five of eight, three times by one run. Dale Long, however, was running better than ever. After not having had a stolen base in three years, Long last week got his third of the season. Marty Kutyna became the first Senator reliever to win a game. Good relief was still one of Los Angeles' assets, but Angel starters had a hard time finishing games. Their record of four complete games this year was the lowest for any staff in the majors. Gus Trandoes of Baltimore, often unable to complete a full season because of injury, was out with a broken knuckle. Jim Gendle hit six home runs, but the pitchers gave up seven runs a game. Prior to last week the Orioles had given up just 20 homers, when they quickly gave up a dozen more. Carroll Hardy of Boston the only man ever to pinch hit for Ted Williams, hit two homers in one game, but it was the hitting of Carl Yastrzemski (.346) and Pete Runnels (.381) that helped most.

THE ROOKIES

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Jimenez KC .379	Mutts Chi .357
Runs	Weinberger Chi .72	Block Chi .77
Hits	Balling Min .58	Mutts Chi .55
Doubles	Allen Min .50	Block Chi .51
Triples	Allen Min 3	Block Min 5
Home runs	Jimenez KC 9	Buckner NY 5
RBI	Jimenez KC 27	Savage Phil 21
Stolen bases	Balling Min 27	Savage Phil 6
Pitching	Belinsky LA 6.1	Wardlaw STL 3.1
ERA	Belinsky LA 7.38	Wardlaw STL 3.64
IP	Horton Chi 56	Hamilton Phil 58
Strikeouts	Belinsky LA 44	Hamilton Phil 60
Complete games	Horton Chi 4	Hamilton Phil 2
Games finished	Peddie Bos 14	Olivier Phil 15

Record accurate through Saturday, Sept. 26

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BLURRED IMAGE

Sirs:

Jerry Lucas certainly has created an image in Cincinnati (*Why I Am Turning Pro*, May 21), but I don't think it's the image of a clean-cut all-American boy. This matter goes farther than mere contract offers. Jerry Lucas does not want to play basketball in the city of Cincinnati. Maybe it is the result of the rivalry between Ohio State and U. of Cincinnati, maybe it is because of his decision not to play at UC in the first place. Nobody knows but he.

Lucas said in his article that he wanted to live up to the image he has created. Does he think he can do it by playing in the American Basketball League? It would be right to say that a man as great as he played in the NBA against the likes of Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain, or Bob Pettit, and held his own. But not against the nobodies that make up the ABL. Basketball fans deserve more from Jerry Lucas. His decision proves nothing, for the question still remains: Will Jerry Lucas turn pro?

CHARLES SPARLIER JR.

Cincinnati

Sirs:

There are a lot of Jerry Lucas fans who are a little sadder today because of the realization that Jerry could be had for \$60,000.

CLIFTON KORHIER

Waverly, Ohio

Sirs:

The Pipers gave Lucas \$40,000 in investments and \$20,000 in cash over a two-year period. The cash he will receive, other than the stocks, averages \$10,000 a year. The Royals made an offer of \$100,000 to Lucas. He could have accepted this and taken \$40,000 of the \$100,000 to invest in stocks himself. This would leave him with \$60,000 spread over three years, averaging \$20,000 a year. It doesn't take an A student in business (which Lucas is) to know that the Royals gave him the better offer.

ALAN FRIEDMAN

Athens, Ohio

● Lucas' tax accountants might not agree.—ED.

Sirs:

Jerry did what sports needs very badly today, he thought of something other than cash.

HAROLD HOGUE

Hamilton, Ohio

Sirs:

I have always admired Lucas, but wouldn't it have been much better for the "image" that Jerry talks about if he hadn't been insisting for the last five years that he would not turn pro? Oh well, principles are nice, but they'll never match money.

VITO STELLINO

Grand Rapids

Sirs:

I pity the mothers who want their children to grow up with the "What's in it for me?" attitude of Jerry Lucas.

DON RUDOLF

Greensburg, Ind.

Sirs:

Jerry Lucas is not only a great basketball player but a great and gracious gentleman and, above all, a true sportsman.

BRUCE MANDLSON

Akron, Ohio

Sirs:

Jerry Lucas is a crashing bore.

FRED ENFIELD

Bolton, Mass.

FOR THE BIRDS (CONT.)

Sirs:

The article by Raymond Tinsley (*Here Come Our Feathered Enemies?* April 30) moves me to propose that a statue be erected in the honor of Mr. Tinsley—for the use of the birds!

STEVE KENDALL

Encino, Calif.

SEEING DOUBLE!

Sirs:

Walter Bingham's article on the Minnesota Twins (*Pie and TV*, May 21) is a poor example of sportswriting. Such remarks as, "The Minnesota Twins aren't meant to take three-game series from teams like Detroit," and, "The Twins will have trouble finishing in the first division," are only personal opinions and many people disagree with Mr. Bingham. As of May 17, the Twins were only half a game out of first place.

WILLIAM RIFE

Waterville, Minn.

Sirs:

Please don't say that the Twins won't finish in the first division, because I won't listen.

LARRY HILLIARD

Westport, Conn.

100 TO 1

Sirs:

I noticed what I thought to be an oddity in last Sunday's doubleheader between the Yankees and the Twins. The winning pitcher of the first game, Jim Coates, was the losing pitcher of the second game. I don't know what the odds are on such as this happening again, but they must be tremendous.

SERGEANT EARL BELL JR., USMC

Albany, Ga.

● Mathematically the odds are not so great, though psychologically they may well be astronomical. Discounting such human variables as sore arms and managerial decision, and conceding an average of 10 pitchers to each team, the chances that any one pitcher will repeat in the second half of a doubleheader and be scored with his team's win or loss are 1 in 10. The chances that the teams will split the doubleheader are 2 in 4. In simplest mathematical terms, therefore, the odds that any two pitchers will split scoring honors in a doubleheader are thus: $1/10 \times 1/10 \times 2/4 = 1/200$.—ED.

CONTROLLED REED

Sirs:

Permit me to record my disappointment in your magazine for the unjustifiable shortsighted and sensation-seeking view you took of one of sports' bigger personalities. I refer to your story on Whitney Reed (*Hall of Fame's No. 1*, May 7). This article would leave anyone who doesn't know Whit with the impression that he is a mentally retarded clown and the bungling possessor of a lucky talent that he neither understands nor controls. The fact of the matter is that he is not only one of the branniest guys playing tennis today but would be rated a pretty cool head in any man's league and, in addition, his skills on the court are the result of deliberate, patient self-development over the years, rather than a gratuitous endowment from the supernatural. It may be true that Reed acts unconventionally and plays tennis with a novelty that is absolutely bizarre, but the criterion in these matters should always be success, and he has come in for a big share of it. Nevertheless, your article exemplified the unfortunately typical reaction to the prominent individualist—you wrote him off as an unaccountably gifted kook.

JOSEPH B. STAHL

New Orleans

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

JEN-WIT

Sirs:

The samplings of Jim Brosnan's literary slants (*Sweet, Sad Life of a Reliever*, May 21) would be more acceptable had he not characterized his baseball players as dimwits possessed of a vernacular originally styled by Ring Lardner in *You Know Me Al*. Lardner was a master, but Brosnan is but a copycat, failing to attain the entertaining finesse of the master.

Doubtless, Brosnan is well equipped intellectually, but he misses his pitch by writing down the mentality of ballplayers. Actually, a cross-section will reflect a commendable strata of educated and well-informed men in baseball.

ASA N. WARD

Yachats, Ore.

WATCH THE BIRDIE

Sirs:

In reading your interesting article, *Amor Finit a New Drive* (May 21), one gets the impression that pictures of Palmer and other pro golfers are easy to come by. This year the Colonial National Invitational Tournament displayed signs reading "no cameras allowed." Is Colonial the only tournament that prohibits cameras, or do all PGA tournaments do likewise?

Having fabulous prizes to compete for isn't enough for the pros. Now their sensitive eardrums cannot endure the click of a camera shutter. Things have gone too far.

E. A. STEWART

Fort Worth

● "Accredited photographers only" is the rule at all major tournaments.—ED.

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